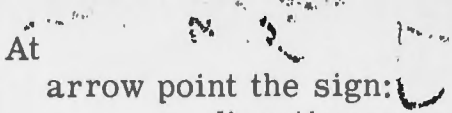
CATERPILLAR 2

$1.25



At
arrow point the sign:
direction open
the road out

CATERPILLAR, A Gathering of the Tribes, is edited & published by Clayton Eshleman at 36 Greene Street, NYC 10013. Single copies: $1.25; subscriptions: $5 per year. The magazine will appear quarterly for three years beginning Oct 1967.

NO MORE TRIBUTES TO THE MINOTAUR

TWO LETTERS FROM CID CORMAN

Utano
30th October 1967

dear Clayton,

this is an extra and extra-special letter to you --with CATERPILLAR in mind. In the past few months both THE NATION and NEW REPUBLIC have chosen NOT to publish brief and pointed letters of mine and I feel their failure to do so points up a fear on their part of possibly endorsing my stance by merely printing the words.

You are in a position not to share their fears, though you may very well disagree with what I have to say--which is perfectly fine. All I ask is that the statement be presented so that it may be mulled by others--and hopefully attended to by those who have spirit and imagination still towards a possible common well. (NOT, note, "weal"--we have enough welts, wealth, and wheels.)

Briefly then.

Next year--or the year 1968, the year "hard upon" us--is likely to see an American election pitting LBJ against the likes of Ronald Reagan. It hardly matters, you will admit, who the GOP candidate is; he will be all but another LBJ. In sum, it wont matter which way the vote goes --for there is NO CHOICE. This is not new, of course--but it never has been quite so obvious as now. And in the face of an election that figures to be very close, there IS meaning in having an alternative. The one I propose is extremely rad-

ical--in every way--and it is more than "a ticket".

I propose that those who, like myself, are sick of the politicks of money --which is what politicks is clearly all about these days, if it has ever been otherwise--vote by writing in (or pasting in on the machines) the names of ALLEN GINSBERG and MUHAMMAD ALI.

In hard terms, let me be understood. These votes need no convention, no signatures on petitions, no campaign funds, no more publicity than that which occurs spontaneously. It doesnt even require the assent of either candidate. They stand for and are the images of our responsibility, of an a-political society. This has nothing to do with oldtime anarchy. It has to do with a profound recognition that neither war nor revolution is needed--but education and a sense that there are values that we all share and which have nothing to do with money as power.

This is not a hoax. And it is over and above any endorsement of psychedelics or boxing or black power. These suggested candidates are NOT power ploys; they have always behaved AS individuals and AS poets. They bring into the open virtually every American prejudice. They are transparently not buddies, not of any "party".

I feel strongly that a vote of even a million persons would make a tremendous dent in the election--especially where it will weigh the "difference" between the main contenders for the power crown. And even more vitally it will reveal a deeper community between people everywhere , for such elections no longer are simply national phenomena.

But unless this possibility is realized - and at just such extremity - we let a rare opportunity pass without a

sign of recognition.

Yours--
always--

Cid

* * *

(Editor' s note: the following letter is presented in relation to the Corman translation of Artaud' s CI-GIT in this issue)

Utano
15th October 1967

dear Clayton,

the piece is a tough one to render, but I' ve tried to get it to swing and have not hugged the text--in order to do so. But I dont think there are any vital discrepancies. (I' ve gone over the most difficult passages with a French friend who has an excellent sense of poetry--and every detail has made sense to me. Often Artaud' s choice to word is strictly due to sound - value and I' ve made an effort to get analogous effects going. Some of the puns almost come thru into English: the various Jesus Christ bits--which even permeates the title. I' ve not been worried by cognates, as some are, when they are accurate, and in one place at least I' ve included the French (while translating it) to make the wordplay obvious--but it all is meant to be SOUNDED.)

Space it generously, if you can: keeping in mind A' s oral-aural intention.

A number of words are his own inventions--not counting the sound-language. But most are slang. The word "claque" has several meanings in French and I' ve only tried to copy the effects.

The themes are basic Artaud--very similar to the final JUDGEMENT piece. Birth-death motifs, with very bitter comic effects, and impotent resurrection, with various slashes at Catholicism. He always has very specific images in mind--despite the ranting effect. The word " egg" in French is also synonymous with imbecile. I' ve tried to cue the basic pun by adding ("hommelet")

There are points of relation with Vallejo, but A more brilliant. And astonishing in his lucidities.

Anyhow--I hope it will serve.

Best
always--
Cid

* * *

CESAR VALLEJO: NINE POEMS

The point of the man,
the ignoble mockery of shrinking
after smoking his universal ash;
point striking into secret snails,
point one grabs with gloves on,
point Monday holds back with six brakes,
point inching out to listen to its soul.

On the other hand,
the soldiers would be a fine rain
& not even gunpowder squared, returning from their fierce
blunders,
& not even lethal bananas; only
a little sideburn on the silhouette.
On the other hand, wandering father-in-laws,
brother-in-laws on a noisy mission,
son-in-laws down the thankless bin of a rubber,
all the equine grace walking
can flash a thousand suns!

O geometrical thought against the light!
O not to die lowly
of majesty so swift & so fragrant!
O not to sing; to barely
write & write with a little stick
or with the edge of one' s restless ear!

Pencil chord, most deaf ear-drum,

dudududum in robust halves
& to eat from memory a nice piece of ass,
hamhock, if there' s no ass,
& a wedge of cheese full of female worms,
male worms . dead worms.

* * *

This
happened between two eyelids; I quivered
in my pod, furious, alkaline,
pulled up at the lubricated equinox,
at the foot of the cold blaze in which I fizzle out.

Alkaline slip up I keep saying,
nearer than garlic, over the syrup sense,
deeper in, very more, the rusts,
on going the water & on coming the wave.
Alkaline slip up
too, a wild one, in the colossal staging of the sky.

What curses & harpoons I' ll hurl if I die
in my pod; I' ll offer up in sacred banana leaves
my five subaltern little bones,
& in the glance, the glance itself!
(They say that in sighs one builds
then, bony tactile accordions;

they say that when those who fizzle out die thus
aie! they die outside the clock, hand
clutching a single shoe).

Getting it & all, cyma
& all, in the crying sense of this voice,
I make myself suffer, I extract sadly
at night my fingernails;
then I have nothing & talk alone,
I revise my half-years
& in order to fill my vertebra, touch.

* * *

FAREWELL REMEMBERING A GOODBYE

At the tip, in the end, terminal,
I turn, returned & finish up & moan to you, giving you
the key, my hat, this note for everybody.
At the tip of the key is the metal where we should have learned to
scratch off the gold, & there is, in the end
of my hat, this poor badly combed brain,
&, terminal glass of smoke, on its dramatic role
this practical dream of my soul rests.

Goodbye, brother san pedros,

heraclituses, erasmuses, spinozases!
Goodbye, sad bolshevik bishops!
Goodbye, disorderly governers!
Goodbye, wine that' s in the water like wine!
Goodbye, alcohol that' s in the rain!

Goodbye, likewise, I say to myself,
bye bye, formal flight of milligrams!
Likewise goodbye, likewise,
cold of the cold & cold of the heat!
At the tip, in the end, terminal, the logic,
the boundries of the fire,
the farewell remembering that goodbye.

* * *

Chances are, I' m another; walking, at dawn, another who marches
around a long disc, an elastic disc:
mortal, figurative, audacious diaphragm.
Chances are, I remember when I hope, I annotate marble
where scarlet index & where bronze cot
an absent spurious infuriated fox.
Chances are, a man at last,
my shoulders anointed with merciful indigo---
chances are I' ll tell myself, beyond there is nothing.

The sea hands me the disc, holding it up
with certain dry rim to my throat;
nothing, really, acrider, sweeter, more Kantian!
But another man' s sweat, but a serum
or tempest of numbness,
languishing or delirious, that, never!

Laid out, slender, I exhume myself
the tumified mixture into which I enter pounding,
without legs, without adult clay, without weapons,
a needle stuck in the great atom . . .
No! Never! Never before! Never after!

Thus this satanic tuber,
this moral plesiosaurian molar
& these posthumous suspicions,
this index, this bed, these tickets.

* * *

THE BOOK OF NATURE

Professor of sob ---I' ve said to a tree---
quicksilver stick, linden
murmuring, at the bank of the Marne, a good student
goes reading in your deck, in your dead foliage,

between the evident water & the false sun,
his three of cups, his horse of golds.

Rector of the main points of heaven,
of the ardent fly, of the manual calm there is in asses;
rector of deep ignorance, a poor student
goes reading in your deck, in your dead foliage,
the hunger for reason that maddens him
& the thirst for dementia that crazes him.

Technician in shouting, tree conscious, strong,
fluvial, double, solar, double, fanatic,
knower of cardinal roses, totally
imbedded, until the blood comes, in lancings, a student
goes reading in your deck, in your dead foliage,
his precocious, telluric, volcanic king of swords.

O professor, from having overlooked so much!
O rector, from trembling so much in the air!
O technician, from so much bending over!
O linden! O murmurous stick by the Marne!

* * *

PANTHEON

I' ve seen yesterday general sounds

mortuarily
punctually recede,
when I heard rip loose from the sun-setting
sadly,
exactly a rain, a rainbow.

I saw the minute's generous time
infinitely
tied insanely to great time
for the hour was
gently
urgently swollen with two hours.

The earth allowed herself to be comprehended,
named, terrainly;
she denied thus, brutally, my history,
& if I saw, let them hear me then in block,
if I touched this mechanics, let them see
slowly,
slow, voraciously, my darknesses.

And if I saw in the lesion of the response
clearly
the lesion mentally of the unknown,
if I heard, if I thought, in my nasal,
funereal, temporal peepholes,
fraternally,
piously, toss me to the philosophers.

But no more precipitate inflection
in plain song, & no more

red bone, the sound of the soul
sadly
straightened equestrianly in my spine,
now that, in sum, life is
implacably,
imparcially hideous, I' m sure.

* * *

TWO ANXIOUS CHILDREN

No. Its ankles have no size; it' s not its softest
spur that digs in both cheeks.
It' s just life, from dressing-gown & yoke.

No. Its guffaw has no plural,
not for having come out of a perpetual agglutinating mollusc,
nor for having entered the sea barefoot,
it' s that that thinks & goes on, it' s the finite.
It' s just life; only life.

I know it, intuit it Cartesian, automaton,
about to die, cordial, in short, magnificent.
Nothing is
over the cruel brow of its skeleton;
nothing between what the dove gave
& took back with a glove on, & with a glove too

the eminent Aristotelian earthworm;
nothing in front of or behind the yoke;
nothing of the sea in the ocean
& nothing
in the grave pride of the cell.
Only life; thus: a terrible struggle.

Abundance limited,
range abstract, fortunate, in fact
glacial & impetuous, from the flame;
brake of the depths, tail of form.
But that
for which I was born ventilating myself
& grew with my own tenderness & drama,
my work rejects,
my feelings & my weapon involucrate.
It is life & that' s all, established, scenic.

And through this direction
its series of organs extinguish my soul
& through this inexpressible demonized sky
my machinery emits technical hisses.
I spend my evening in the sad morning
& I struggle, I shudder, I' m cold.

* * *

A man is watching a woman,
is watching her immediately
with his sumptuous earth sickness
& he watches her two-handedly
& he knocks her over two-breastedly
& he moves her two-shoulderly.

I ask myself then, pressing down
my enormous, white, steel rib:
& hadn' t this man
a child as a growing father?
And this woman, a child
as builder of her evident sex?

For I now see a child,
energetic, impassioned, centipede child:
I see they fail to see it
sound itself between them, wriggle, dress itself;
for I accept them,
her in augmentative condition,
him in the flexion of the blond hay.

And I cry out then, without stopping even one
from living, without turning even one
to tremble in the joust I venerate:
Happiness followed
belatedly by the Father,
by the Son & by the Mother!
Round instant,
familiar, that now no one feels or loves!
From what silent, dyed clear light
~~rings~~ out the Song of Songs!

From what a trunk, the florid carpenter!
From what a perfect axilla, the fragile oar!
From what a skull, both forward skulls!

* * *

THE NINE MONSTERS

And, unfortunately,
pain grows in the world every moment,
grows thirty minutes a second, step by step,
& the nature of the pain is the pain twice
& the condition of the voracious carnivorous martyrdom
the pain, twice
& the function of the very pure grass, the pain
twice
& the good of being, to bend us double.

Never, human men,
was there so much pain in the chest, in the lapel, in the wallet,
in the glass, in the butcher' s, in arithmetic!
Never so much painful tenderness,
never did what is far rush so close,
never did the fire ever
play better its role of dead cold!
Never, mister minister of health, was health

more mortal,
did the migraine extract so much forehead from the forehead!
did furniture have in its drawer, pain,
the heart in its drawer, pain,
the newt in its drawer, pain.

The wretchedness grows, man brothers,
sooner than the machine, than ten machines, & its grows
with the cattle-head of Rousseau, with our beards;
evil grows for reasons we know not
& is a flood with its own liquids,
its own clay, its own solid cloud!
Suffering inverts positions, stages shows
in which the watery humour is vertical
to the pavement,
the eye is seen & this ear heard,
& this ear strikes nine times at the hour
of lightning, nine funhouse roars
at the hour of wheat, nine female sounds
at the hour of weeping, nine canticles
at the hour of hunger, nine thunders
nine whips, minus a cry.

The pain grabs us, man brothers,
from behind, in profile,
& drives us crazy in the movies,
nails us up on the gramaphones,
unnails us in bed, falls perpendicularly
to our tickets, to our letters;
& it is very serious to suffer, one can pray . . .
So because

of the pain there are some
who get born, others grow, others die,
& others that get born & don' t die & others
who without having been born die & others
who neither get born nor die (The majority).
And likewise because
of the suffering I' m sad
to my head & sadder to my ankle
seeing bread crucified, the turnip
bloodsmeared,
weeping, the onion,
cereal, in general, flour,
salt turned dust, water fleeing,
wine an Ecce-homo,
the snow so pallid, such a red hot sun!
How, human brothers,
not to tell you that I can' t stand anymore &
I can' t stand anymore with so much drawer,
so much minute, so much
newt & so
much inversion, so much far, so much thirst for more thirst!
Mister Minister of Health: what to do?
Ah! unfortunately, human men,
brothers, there is much too much to do.

* * *

(translated from POEMAS HUMANOS 1923 - 1938,
Les editions des Presses Modernes Au Palais-Roya
Paris, 1939, by Clayton Eshleman)

A Note on FUSES

Wondering how to begin a note on these stills from Carolee Schneemann's first film, three years in the making, I came across a copy of YUGEN 7 and leafing thru it found some blues chorus lines of Bessie Smith's:

> Bought me a coffee-grinder, got the best one I could find,
> So he could grind my coffee, 'cause he has a brand new grind.
>
> He's a deep-sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong,
> He can touch the bottom, and his wind holds out so long.

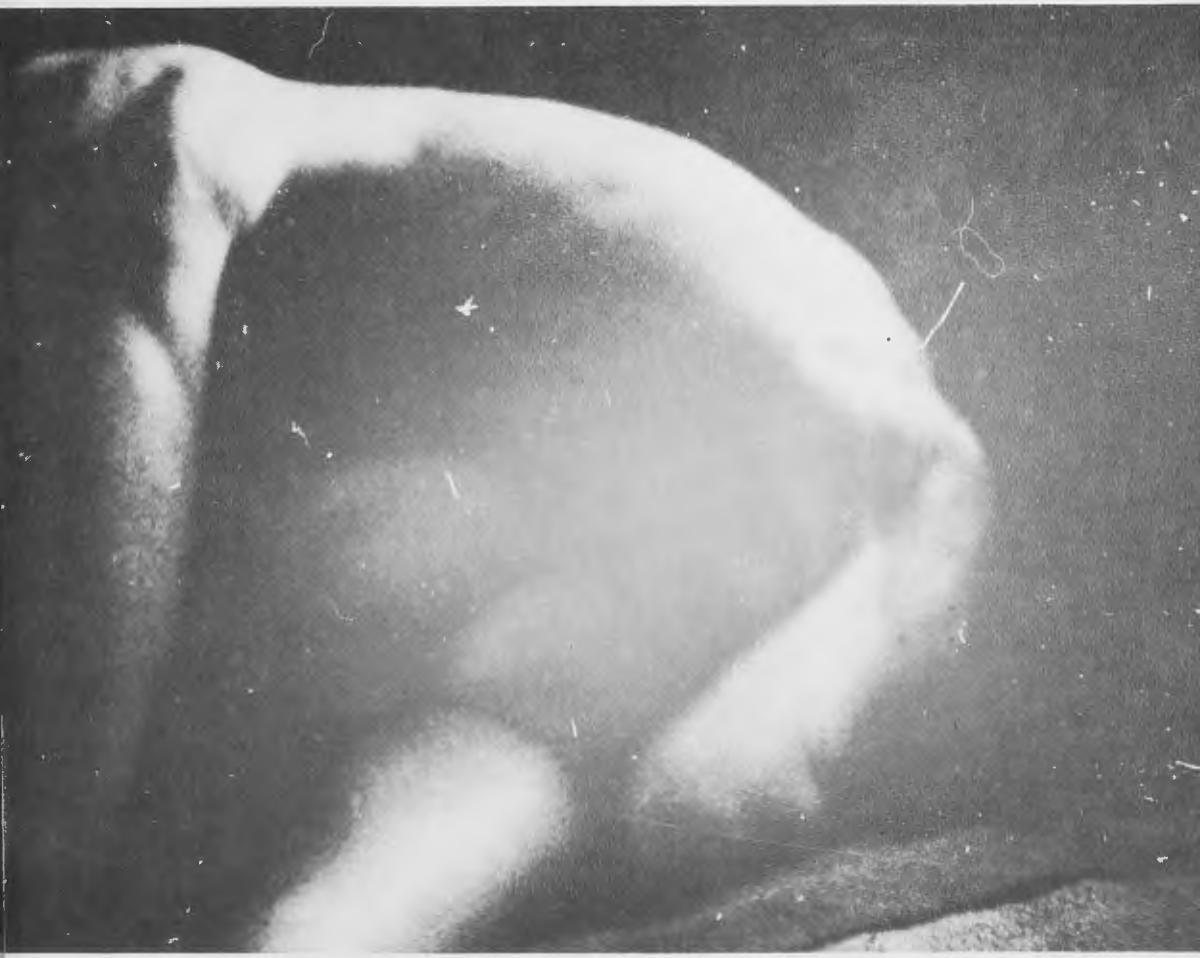
There is that kind of joy in Carolee Schneemann's work. FUSES, the film, runs 18 minutes, running in & out a man & woman's life together, their bed as the life-source of the house they inhabit which is among trees, cows, sky, a car and beach, these instances as a laurel of wch the love-making is the root, openly, only root as open; he is her hero, she loves his body & the camera/hand caresses both of them, diving onto bed, lolling, frenzied, to which a cat is also witness, or better, friend, & sits or crawls in the window or car, almost at times as the man & woman's animal nature at peace within itself. The idea, if there is one, of this film seems to be that great peace, or clear light, that some inhabit thru releasing everything. There is a fluid drive, a melting & a gorgeousness glowing in & about this film that does not come from frustration, or perhaps an older underlying thesis about art that for hundreds of years has assumed that the artist kept his other forever warming up in a bullpen. Often when an artist says

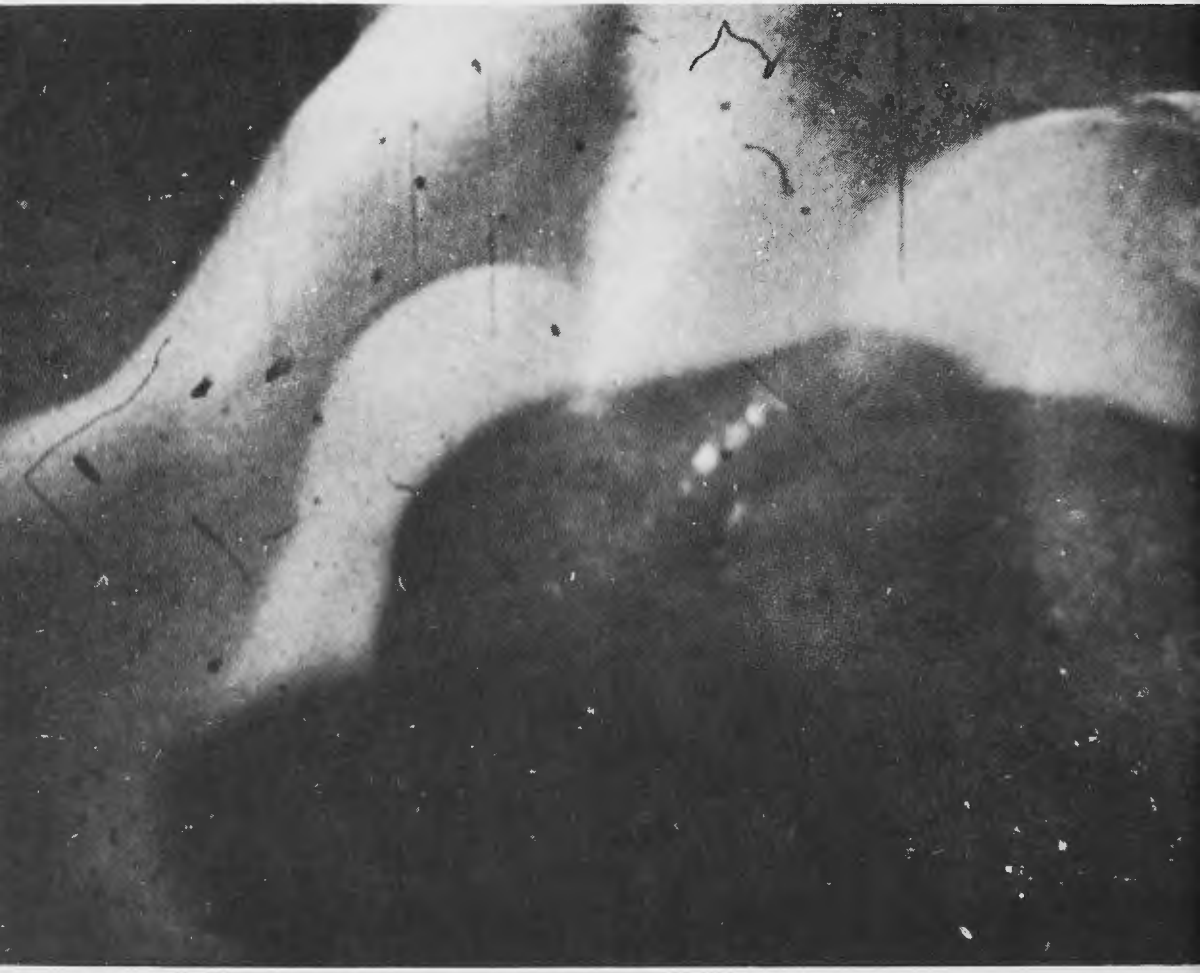
the art is my life, he sadly means, implicitly, that the art realized the life which was not realizable in itself. FUSES, which is impregnated with combustible matter, could only have been made real thru a life constantly realized. This is Carolee Schneemann's blend, & many will bless her for having shown so much of what everyman in his heart of hearts is.

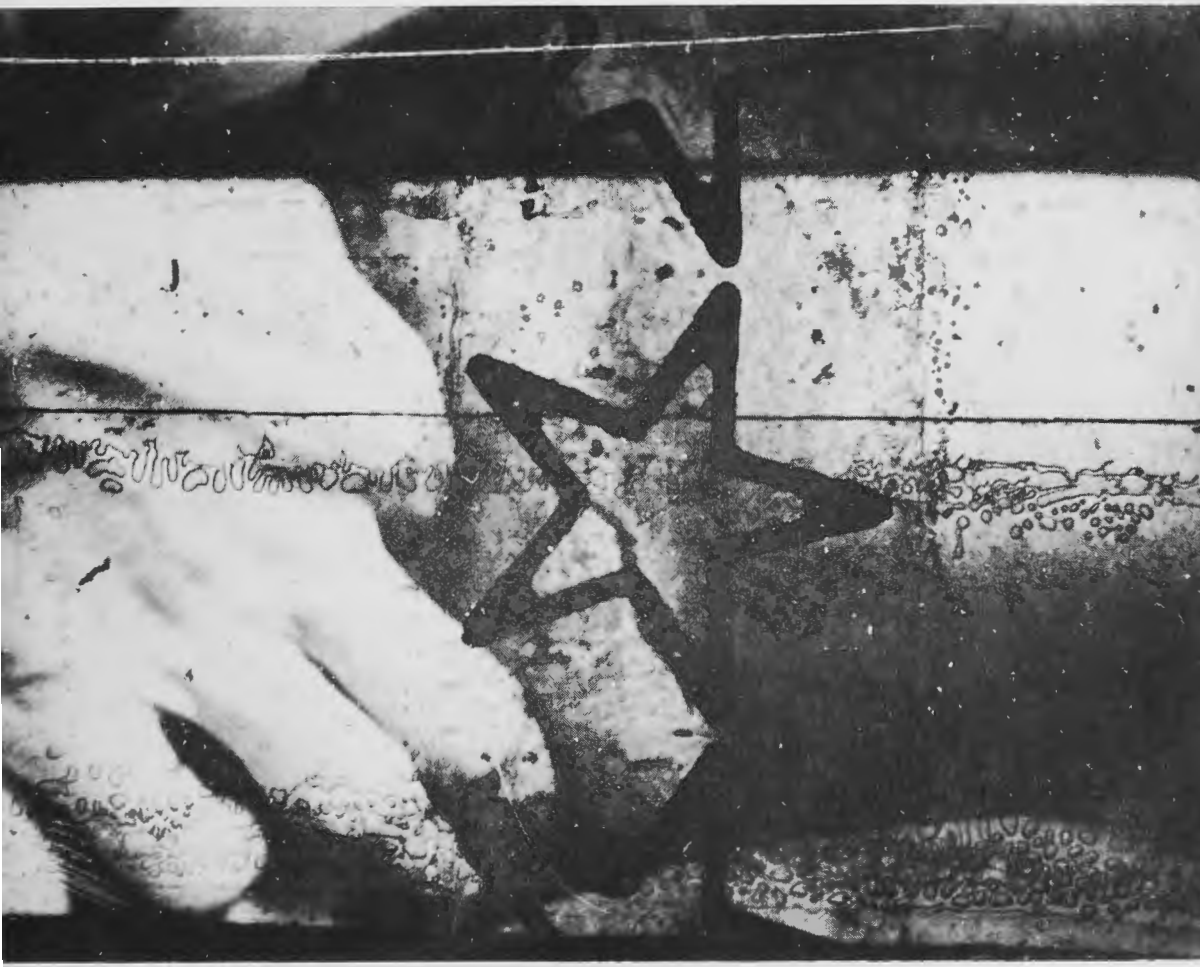
---Clayton Eshleman

* * *

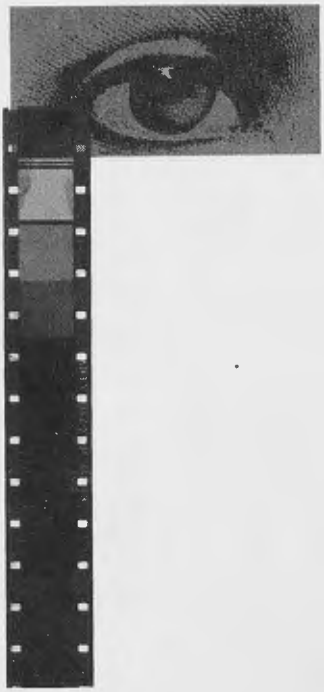
(Carolee Schneemann was a painter who has been making happenings & kinetic theatre since 1962.)







Closed-Eye Vision



Man is, naturally,
"at the mercy of his means"
(as poet Robert Kelly
puts it);

but every man-made-thing
is nothing more nor less
than a direct extension
of his physiology.

Thus:

the minute "dots" of any
printed picture,
the "grain" of all
photography,
the "scanning" process in
television transmission,

Etc./variously
represent the physiological process of,

the optic-nerve-end and/
or retinal-"grain" of,
picture-making in the human eye.

Art is not at the mercy of...
but/rather creator of
... its means:
most direct physiological
sense extension
of its maker.

Take the photo below (of me)
taken in this room (in which I am now writing)
as Indirect Extent (and/or "Abstract") of this scene.

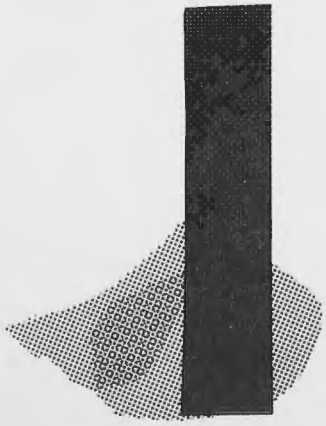
(When printed, this "pic." will be at least 3 times re-moved/produced from the original-which I take to be a work of art- by Arnold Glassman)

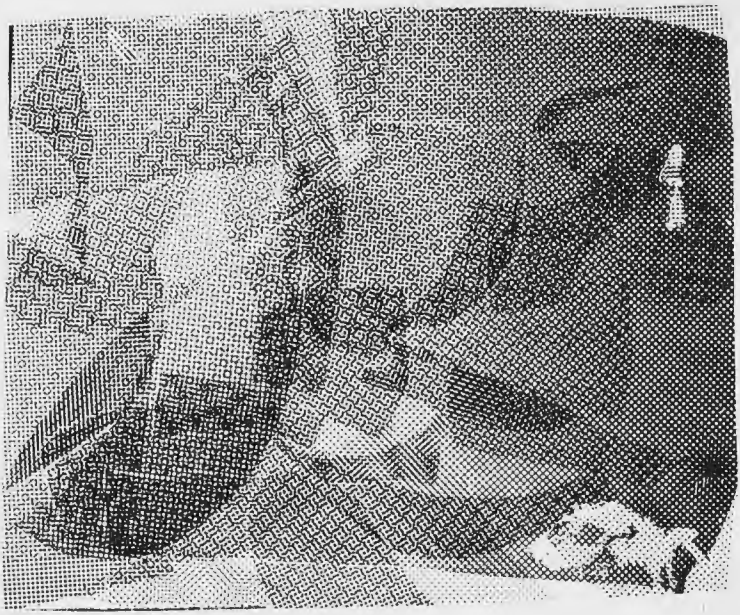
The photographer – Mr. Gossen –
will, no doubt, be disturbed
by the – and any – reproduction
of his picture . . . because
he – like any photographer
concerned with the art
of the medium –
works carefully with the "grain" of
the crystals of
the emulsion
in making a print from
the original negative
so that,
the positive image will be
as direct an extension/pression
of his organic sight's sense
as possible.

(I chose to distort
the image, in order
to illustrate the sense
reproductive processes,
and thus – as in any
use of a work of art –
destroyed its aesthetic value)

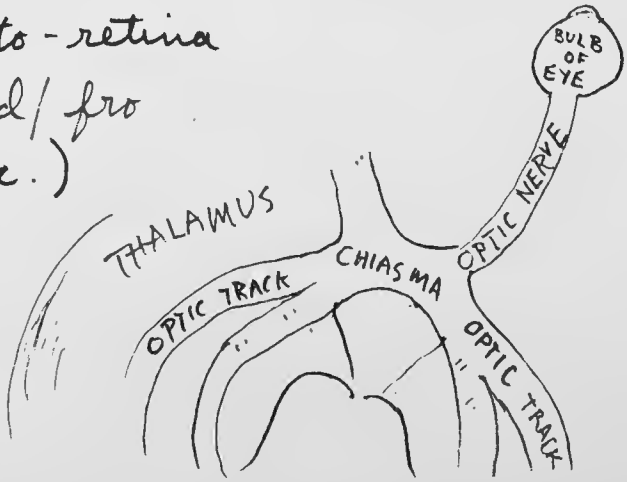
I will —
and intend to
— restore
(rather than just reproduce)...
not aesthetic value
(not make a work of art)
... the image's
place in nature —
make it naturally illustrative
— of
"dots"/"grain"/"scanning"
(physiological/
optic-nerve-end/
sight's sense

((Re-member the picture,
if you will::
re-create In mind's eye,
as able:
in closed eyes,
please.)))





Take the photo above
as semblence of
some aspects of
memory's reconstruction of
the image recalled
(from-brain/to-retina
to/and/fro
etc.)



From "Gray's Anatomy" (24th edition):

"The optic nerve is peculiar in that its fibers and ganglion cells are probably third in the series of neurons from the receptors to the brain and in that its fibers do not have neurilemmal sheaths. In the light of its embryological development and its structure, * the optic nerve corresponds to a tract of fibers within the brain rather than to the other cranial nerves. Its fibers pass backward and medialward through the orbit and optic foramen to the optic chiasma where they are partially decussate. The mixed fibers from the two nerves are continued in the optic tracts, the primary visual centers of the brain."

*"Development.--The retina and optic nerve come from the fore-brain; the lens from the overlying ectoderm; and the accessory structures from the mesenchyme. The eyes begin to develop as a pair of diverticula from the lateral aspects of the fore-brain . . ."

*"The optic stalk is converted into the optic nerve by the obliteration of its cavity and the growth of nerve fibers into it. Most of these fibers are centripetal, and grow backward into the optic stalk from the nerve cells of the retina, but a few extend in the opposite direction and are derived from the nerve cells in the brain."

I am aware of the above as an ingathering of light (as in photographing) being always physiologically simultaneous with an output\optic-nerve-discharge and/or intellect\emote shaping of the light

(as in:
any lens or filter
conditioning of the
light while photo-
graphing —
as thru:
any control during
the development and
other processing of
the images —
as thru to:
exaggeration or sup-
pression of the "grain"
of the film's emulsion-
and including:
treatment of developed
film by chemicals,
growing crystals/molds/
etc., dying/spraying/
"stippling" and other-
wise painting on film—
throughout and into:
all processes of
creative editing and/or
thoughtful/emotional
SUPERIMPOSITION
upon the photographed
I - MAGE

Simple superimposition
(from "Prelude: Dog Star Man")
as when an imaged scene/seen is imposed on by a recalled image of the mind's eye . . .
call it:
a seen/seeing

and/or — as illustrated before — an imposition upon it of graphic paste-ouers to approximate optic-nerve dots
or:
seeing/seeing
of closed-eye Vision.

appendix:

Letter to a Canadian Film-maker

(excerpt from correspondence with Sam Perry about his description of and exercises for experiences in closed-eye vision.)

Now I'd like to get on with some really important matters -- those NOT premised on any specious "what's the" . . . I would very much like to see the Tantras of yours in a finished (in the sense of: as you would like printed) form, tho' I take them to be of such a nature that they will NEVER, hopefully, be finished in the sense of complete. Apropos that: what you call "the dot plane" seems to me to be MUCH more of a complex field than your language would suggest, tho' I DO find the term "The Dot Plane" to be a clear english demarcation of first approach to that "grainy field", as I call it, that area which most take to be "background" of closed eyes vision when they impose depth upon it, attempt to distinguish it from the free-floating irregularly shaped forms which appear, thru imposition of Renaissance perspective upon the whole field, as forward of grain and as, indeed, moving nearer and farther, or vice versa, upon or in a space imagined existing between grain and nothing, so to speak. At first, for instance, I thought that the individual grains were fairly fixed, and of a like nature, and moved only slowly, in a "crawling" fashion,* likened them thus ALL to some capillary action, thought of them as being, in some sense, a "seeing" of self's optic nerve-endings, possibly as being erythrocytes -- I was aware of the spot phenomenon scientists sometimes attribute to a seeing of leucocytes, usually perceived in chains of some, etc. I sprayed paint, off a tooth brush, onto film to approximate this field, but of course received flickering patterns only occasionally, as only luck would have it at first, approximating anything like a "crawl" in the representation. Despite my despair, at the time (time of editing "Prelude" and "Thigh Line Lyre Triangular"), my study of these flickering paint patterns MADE ME AWARE of a similarly flickering level of "the dot plane", as you call it . .. made me aware, in time, of several differing flicker dots -- made me then aware of the, at first infinitesimally, differing SHAPES of these differently MOVING dots or grains: and I came to call "dots" those most nearly rounded, "grains" those most irregular; and, among the "grains", I came to see varieties of shapes SOME of which were related (finally seen to be exactly related) SOME of which relationship seemed CREATED by related movement, SOME of which did NOT; and of the former of the last two areas I came to call ONE type "Reich's grains" and/or, when I saw they MAGNIFIED thru a glass placed before CLOSED eyes, came to honor Reich's vision by accepting his term for the phenomenon: "Orgone": and to accept, temporarily at least, his term for the path of movement: "Orgonic energy pattern";, as I found his description of the movement fairly accurate -- tho' I find these moving shapes coming onto my closed eye vision in blue, gold, and even red, and very occasionally green, rather than only in the "blue" Reich designated to them. My continued study of the WHOLE field inclines me to believe that there are NO exactly round grains thereIN it, that we tend to call "round" that which has <u>not</u> been seen inTO distinctly enough, that, thus, "The Dot Plane" is ONLY an introductory term, so to speak, and COULD thus constitute a verbal (th the expense of visual) hand-up if hung onto.

* THIS APPROXIMATED MOST EXACTLY IN FILM BY THE USE OF "GRAINY" FILM, BY EMULSION GRAIN

Stan Brakhage

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN: TWO POEMS

THE BANK

a man
killed,
buried
in the bank, topknot
of the force
from wch wave creepers
vines
ants
crawl over pebbles,
this night
I have grasped my life
is absolute self-contradiction
he seeds me
this man
buried in the force,
he drives me
like cheese from the eyes of the herd,
these cattle who weep smelly tears, seeing
the lie of man
like an arrow
he is buried
obliquely
in the herd
this hump of absolute muscle
Che Guevara

from wch wave creepers
wine
all harvests so pinioned upon him

Next to the slaughterhouse
in a radiator of white iron
Next to it
he wrote

Next to the slaughterhouse
in a radiator of white iron
he wrote
he wore home

with chips of steel
with the tail soaked strawberry red
he wrote Black Men
in a ledger he wore home

he wrote Black Men
8 can do it in an hour
with chips of steel
with his tail soaked strawberry red

he wrote Slaughterhouse
he showed no one
he meant the gate opens only in
God did not mean the pigs to mate with the chickens . .

this is why the ferns are exciting

this is why you sat on the back porch at nine
& argued & argued, even then
wasn' t he dead in you, and that other
on the glider before you, wasn' t he even then
almost beside the point, you said
father how can you believe that
as he was tangled in his mind trying
to answer and answered, all his
life showing suddenly
at lattice
at language gate morningglories
so tangled,
in his words azure, an
azure seeded with pollen,
& you plucked it then
off the fresh earth not knowing . . .

* * *

THE ORIGIN

That in his face
was no orgasm
but a rabbit,
paw caught

steel at the base
of the tree,
which was his face
was generous

spread to heaven.
At night the roots
would sneak out for water
past the trap in which wrestled
his contraries, was my teacher

& never knew why
his sternness recalled my father
as Reich in Freud' s
saw despair, the no
        constantly clamped

Steel at the base
of the tree in which she swam
who was our mother caught
among the wrathful contraries

why his face was held behind
me as the torch a woman holds
out in Guernica, stone
torch of head

as I wrote, that head
over my shoulder in utter
despair, why he should appear
there, wanting to nestle.

The rabbit chained at the
base of his face
    most a railroad crossing
I had to make,

his lacunae
precious to me,
as in all men there is
this missing

fills to sea,
so in him
there is order
around a rock,

pebbles raked
around a rock,
that he might set

others in motion,
for his granite too

moves, all things,
even the missing

hint, which was his power
tested me
tested me
allowed me grasp

forever hence
what I saw.

19 November 1967

* * *

ANDREI CODRESCU:

the father' s face comes broken at the face of the water
face to face they flow to the valley
water and father

* * *

MICHAEL HELLER:

"having outlived self-offense"

in the mountains
just before the full moon sets
another grey rock

* * *

HORST BENJAMIN:
THE KITCHEN AT ALTBERG

Magical :
whole banquets summoned
from smoked oak
caraway
lard
wrought iron and peppercorns.

(Adapted by Rose Marie &
Hayden Carruth)

* * *

A TEST OF TRANSLATION III:
Constantin Cavafy's Tomb Of Iases

ΙΑΣΗ ΤΑΦΟΣ

Κεῖμαι ὁ Ἰασῆς ἐνταῦθα. Τῆς μεγάλης
ταύτης πόλεως
ὁ ἔφηβος ὁ φημισμένος γιὰ ἐμορφιά.
Μ' ἐθαύμασαν βαθεῖς σοφοί· κ' ἐπίσης
ὁ ἐπιπόλαιος,
ὁ ἁπλοῦς λαός. Καὶ χαίρομουν ἴσα καὶ
γιὰ

τὰ δυό. Μὰ ἀπ' τὸ πολὺ νὰ μ' ἔχει ὁ
κόσμος Νάρκισσο κ' Ἑρμῆ,
ἡ καταχρήσεις μ' ἔφθειραν, μ' ἐσκότωσαν.
Διαβάτη,
ἂν εἶσαι Ἀλεξανδρεύς, δὲν θὰ ἐπικρίνεις.
Ξέρεις τὴν ὁρμὴ
τοῦ βίου μας· τί θέρμην ἔχει· τί ἡδονὴ
ὑπερτάτη.

TOMB OF IASES

Iases here I lie. To whom this proud
City for youth and beauty gave much fame.
The learned wise admired me, and the crowd
Of simpletons. From both I had the same

Joy. But the Hermes and Narcissus fashion
Wasted and killed me. Traveller, you will not blame,
If Alexandrian. You know the passion
Of our life here, the pleasure and the flame.

(translation by John Mavrogordato)

TOMB OF IASES

I, Iases, lie here. The young man
renowned for beauty, of this great city.
The very wise admired me; and also the shallow
common people. I was pleased alike by both.

But by dint of the world' s having me be a Narcissus and Hermes,
dissapation ravaged me, killed me. Traveller,
if you are an Alexandrian, you will not condemn. You know
the rushing torrent of our life; what ardor it has; what supreme
pleasure.

(translation by Rae Dalven)

TOMB OF IASES

I am Iases buried here.
A boy famous for beauty
in this great city.
Even the wise wondered
at me, and the foolish.
The whole city followed.
And I had joy from all of them,
equally.

It was too much though, being Hermes,
Narcissus to such love.
Excess destroyed me,
darkened me. Stranger,
if you are Alexandrian,
you won't blame me.
You know our life here,
the passion, our wild pleasures,
how we burn.

(translation by Denis Kelly)

* * *

Mavrogordato

First of all the rhymes. M. tries to keep Cavafy' s rhyme scheme.

poleos / epipolaios	emorphia / yia
Hermi / hormi	diavati / upertati

Notice Cavafy' s rhymes are all di or tri-sy..abic. Last two vowels are the same and the consonants parallel. So that we have in the ear almost the same word. poleos and -polaios are pronounced almost exactly the same. Hermi / hormi are very close. This is a fairly simple effect in modern Greek; in English it jars. M. makes one attempt "fashion" / "passion", which is awkward to (my) ear and also leads him to the vague and ugly construction "the Hermes and Narcissus fashion." The rhymes fame / same, blame / flame tie the two stanzas too closely together and give the feeling of a more complex form---vilanelle, sestina etc.

Rhyming in modern Greek is extremely easy. It puts no strain on the language. In fact the poet tries to avoid (internal) rhyme rather than search for it as in English. The case endings are similar as in any inflected language, and more importantly the main vowels and dipthongs all tend to the same sound---the long e, eta, the English ee sound. (eta, iota, ei) (ai, and the short e). So it is impossible to avoid heavy assonance and the poet has to keep away from too many rhyming words. Complex end rhymes are much more common than in English and put no strain on the syntax and word order. In Cavafy the rhymes are complex, the syntax simple, clean and straightforward. Trying to catch his

rhymes in English is possible, but (like terza rima) too much of a strain on vocabulary, syntax and word order.

M.'s word order, however, is clean enough, with the exception of the inversion in the first line: "Iases here I lie." There seems no reason for this. Probably used for "formality", a sense of the formal English elegy. M.'s vocabulary is weak: "gave much fame," "learned wise," "crowd of simpletons." Archaic, not speech, and with no sense of the simplicity, the directness of Cavafy in the Greek.

The last two lines, although still a bit vague, make it. The awkward "If Alexandrian" bothers, but the effect comes across. The last sentence seems close to Cavafy, although still to vague and tending toward the sentimental.

Dalven

D.'s translation avoids the problem of rhyme, but seems to me less successful than M.'s. The main problem here is vocabulary. M. is archaic and sometimes awkward; D. generally bland.

The first stanza is simple enough. I don't like the sound of "I, Iases, lie here". It seems awkward and grates on my ear. "The very wise" and "the shallow common people" seem to work, but are cream of wheat. "I was pleased" is again without body. Cavafy is talking about sexual pleasure. "Pleased" seems just a tad but too genteel.

In the second

stanza the translation breaks down. Again because of the words. "by dint of the world' s having me be" boggles the mind, sandpapers the eardrum. "dissapation" is correct, but weak. And the last line "the rushing torrent of our life; what ardor it has; what supreme pleasure." is at the same time too gushy and vague. "rushing torrent" is especially bad because the central metaphor of Cafafy' s last lines is fire, burning. D.' s rushing torrent puts this out completely. The poem steams to a close.

Kelly

In my translation I try to be more literal than either M. or D. Cavafy' s strength is in his simplicity; the cleanness and bareness of his language keep the poem away from the sentimentality lurking in the subject.

In the first line I use "buried", rather than the Greek keimai---lies. This seems more poignant. I keep Cavafy' s phrase "the whole city" and use (as M. does) "joy" which is literal for chairousin.

In the second stanza I expand on Hermes and Narcissus, "being Hermes, Narcissus to so much love." (The Greek: It was too much that all ((the world)) had me as Narcissus and Hermes). "had" here means that Iases got laid by almost everybody in his role of the beautiful boy. I keep "darkened me "(eskotosan) which is closer to the Greek than either "wasted" or "ravaged", more direct and a nice image.

The word order is changed in

the last two lines. The Greek: "You know the passion of our life: what heat it has; what intense pleasure." The central image here is burning and I think putting it in the last line strengthens the ending in English. Mainly because hupertati idoni is difficult in English. The adjective means "intense", "wild"(the dictionary has "overweening") and pleasure is a bit more vague in English than the Greek idoni. Ending on "How we burn" seems stronger.

With Cavafy simplicity is best. Hold as close to the Greek as one can. In fact, on re-reading, my "expansion" of Hermes and Narcissus might be too far away. "it was too much. They all had me as Hermes, as Narcissus" might be simpler and better.

---Denis Kelly

* * *

THE TABLETS: VII, VIII

presented by the scholar-translator

transmitted through Armand Schwerner

key: ..... untranslatable section
+++++++++++++++ missing section
(_ ?) variant reading
/_ _/ supplied by the scholar-translator

TABLET VII

Unfortunately most of the following Tablet cannot be rendered into English. It has never been discovered. The original, which later disappeared, somehow passed into the hands of a certain Henrik L., an archaeologically gifted Norwegian divine. How he, working alone in the semi-darkness of late 19th century archaeology, managed to make anything at all of the text is itself a surpassing wonder. Even more taxing to common sense is his idiosyncratic translation method.

We know only that Henrik L. lived for three and a half years in Iceland, where he pursued his antiquarian researches. It was in this spirit that he approached his cuneiform Tablet, which he then translated into Crypto-Icelandic, a language we cannot yet under-

stand. Only two segments of this extraordinarily specialized version are clear; written in classical Old Icelandic, they probably derive from the skaldic Vǫluspá, the Prophecy of the Volva, i.e., the Witch or Seeress, written about 1,000 A.D.:

1. Vitu ᛊ er enn eᛊ hvat?
   (do you know now, or don't you?)
2. Festr mun stilna/ok freki rinna
   (the chain will break/ the wolf will get out)

In addition, the phrase "faigᛊar orᛊ" probably means "word of doom." The sequence "feigᛊar orᛊ" does appear in Old Icelandic material. The substance of this Tablet, insofar as intuition and scholarship can make out, certainly belongs in the context of this series, The Emptying. To complicate matters further, Henrik L. adds another symbol to the standard list used in editing the ancient Mesopotamian texts. In addition to such signs as ..... (untranslatable), ++++++++++ (missing), ⌈ ⌉ (supplied by the scholar-translator), and so on, he includes XXXXXXXXXXX, which he explains to mean "confusing." Tablet VII appears to be a nightmare-poem of dissolution edged with faint hopes of ultimate rebirth.

The reader will notice one further odd intercalation, the old pastor's injection of another anachronism, in this case Lutheran religious material, into the body of this Tablet. His devoutness ran away with his archaeological fidelity. On balance however we are lucky to have this beautifully musical text. Was it T.S. Eliot who wrote that he could listen by the hour to poetry in languages foreign to him, with delight in the rhythm and in the sound?

rőtete rőtete rőtete ᚦropőrpe nok pintrpnőte
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX++++++++++
++++++++++++++++++++++++++++.....XXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX++++++++++++++XXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.....+++++++ freki
++++++.....++++++++++++++++++++++++++++
+++++++++.....XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX.....+++++
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
.....++++++++++++++++++++++++X
hraldar gronen panaknómen gardú
etaión pnaupnau gott Jesu Kriste

vitu ᛊ er enn ᛖ ᛊ hvat?

ᚦögn of gat hroir ᛊ úk papapa
...../faig ᛊ ar or ᛊ/
rőtete rőtete rőtete Jesu Kriste sakrifise
ᚦorgilson ᚦranódon hvat hvat papa
leggi steyp ᛊ ir pintrphote
folklass ᚦanns punka hworis
++++++++++++++++++++++++++ punka hworis
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX punka hworis

vitu ᛊ er enn ᛖ ᛊ hvat?
festi mun stilna/ok freki rinna

hraldar gronen Jesu Kriste sacrifise ᚦranódon
ᚦögn gardú etaión nok ᚦök
panaknómen proᚦörpe pintrpnőte ak Pinitu

vitu ᛊ er enn ᛖ ᛊ hvat?

festi mun stilna/ok freki rinna

(28 lines ++)

ok freki ok freki ok freki ok freki ok freki

* * *

TABLET VIII

go into all the places you' re frightened of
and forget why you came, like the dead

what should I look for?
what should I do? where?
aside from you, great Foosh,
who is my friend? a little stone,
a lot of dirt, a terrible headache
and more than enough worry about my grave. Hogs
will swill and shit on me, men
will abuse me

take your wedges and your mallet
wipe the sand from the stone, wipe the stone
clean of dead worms and bugs and waste
keep things clean

what am I supposed to do then?

the right words wait in the stone
they' ll discover themselves as you chip away,
work faster, don' t think as long as you want,
like men who wait

all right here' s what I found
what a rush at the last minute
what a cold place, I' m thirsty
this curse better work;
here it is, but
what a cold place
to work fast in
I' m getting stiff, this curse
better work:

if you step on me
may your leg become green and gangrenous
and may its heavy flow of filth
stop up your eyes forever, may your face
go to crystal, may your meat be glass
in your throat and your fucking
fail. If you lift your arms in grief
may they never come down and you be known
as Idiot Tree and may you never die

if you pick your nose on my grave
may you be fixed forever in a stupid
attitude, may the children use you
as a jungle gym and turn your muscles to piss,

may you never find a place to sit
and your backbone tire beyond relief,
wherever you stumble around may your heavy feet
squish urus dung and you smell like plague
and you be known
as Fool and Loser and may you never die

if you throw your garbage on my grave
may its spirit haunt you and sneak into your bed
may your skin become viscous
from the visits of grease, may your woman
become bright with loathing
and sneer at your balls. May your nostrils
be stuffed with the spirit of garbage
and you be known as Big Nose and Fat Head
and may you never die

if you pass near my grave and ignore
intruders you hear, may your ears
grow hammers and the mouse' s squeak
crash like boulders on boulders and birdsong
shriek without end and the rustle
of high grass cut you like a scythe
and may you never become deaf and be known
as Coward and Alone
and may you never die

whoever drinks in this spirit of Ending
comes at last to these frightening places
and finds rock for his mallet.....
.....

..... to find words like lined leaves
but unlike lined leaves they have me
memorable. What I leave adds me to you. It is
another place. Talk on the stone moves
for you, like boats on a bay, like cuts on bark,
like tracks on stone snow, like iron urus
on winter clay, like iron urus, pintrpnit!
When I' m wound around with wax, say so
on stone. I leave my mallet, pintrpnit!
I can still turn any way, touch my thigh, feel
the heavy trees whose birds go down,
I tower above the grass. It will not grow
forever but thank you thank you that I can chip
all this Ending like tracks on stone snow,
thank you, pintrpnit! ++++++++++++++++++++
++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++ the hardest seed.

.....
.....
..... to take him into that place and shroud him in wax
embellished with leaves. And as they did they joked and jeered
for Pnou
and laughed for Lak. The long men humped young girls
and sang for the Tree Dryer. Too much food and they vomited
for the Big Mover. What the boys bore to the Knom! How
the women danced around the famished bull!
The long men skinned a rabbit live
for the Mean-Sucking-Sponge-Pinipnipni: take it,
grab it, play, flay it again, leave us alone, we are
waxing Pinitou

The scholar-translator comments:

The reader who has followed the course of these Tablets to this point may find, upon looking back to Tablet I particularly, that I have been responsible for occasional jocose invention rather than strict archaeological findings. I now regret my earlier flippancy ---an attitude characteristic of beginnings, a manifestation of the resistance a man often senses when he faces the probability of a terrific demand upon his life energy. Looking back myself to that first terrific meeting with these ancient poems, I can still sense the desire to keep them to myself all the while I was straining to produce these translations---desperately pushing to make available what I so wanted to keep secret and inviolable.

In addition I am worried that I may have mistranslated part of the preceding Tablet, a combination of dialogue and narrative. How unsteady the ground I am plowing, walking on, measuring, trying to get the measure of . . . . There is a growing ambiguity in this work of mine, but I' m not sure where it lies. Some days I do not doubt that the ambiguity is inherent in the language of the Tablets themselves; at other times I worry myself sick over the possibility that I am the variable giving rise to ambiguities. Do I take advantage of the present unsure state of scholarly expertise? On occasion it almost seems to be as if I am inventing this sequence, and such a fantasy sucks me into an abyss of almost irretrievable depression, from which only forced and unpleasurable exercises in linguistic analysis rescue me.

* * *

A TEST OF TRANSLATION IV:
The opening entry of Basho' s OKU-NO-HOSOMICHI

1 MOON & Sun are passing figures
of countless generations, and years
coming or going wanderers too.
Drifting life away on a boat or
meeting age leading a horse by
the mouth, each day is a journey
and the journey itself home.
Amongst those of old were many
that perished upon the journey. So
---when was it--- I, drawn like
blown cloud, couldnt stop dreaming
of roaming, roving the coast up and
down, back at the hut last fall by
the river side, sweeping cobwebs
off, a year gone and misty skies of
spring returning, yearning to go
over the Shirakawa Barrier, possessed
by the wanderlust, at wits' end,
beckoned by Dososhin, hardly able
to keep my hand to any thing,
mending a rip in my momohiki,
replacing the cords in my kasa,
shins no sooner burnt with moxa
than the moon at Matsushima rose
to mind and how, my former
dwelling passed on to someone else
in moving to Sampu' s country place,

the grass door too
turning into
a dolls' house

(from the eight omote) was set on
a post of the hut.

(translation by Susumu
Kamaike & Cid Corman.
Their version of the entire
OKU-NO-HOSOMICHI appeared
in Origin #14, 2nd series)

THE NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH

Days and months are travellers of eternity. So are the years that pass by. Those who steer a boat across the sea, or drive a horse over the earth till they succumb to the weight of years, spend every minute of their lives travelling. There are a great number of ancients too, who died on the road. I myself have been tempted for a long time by the cloud-moving wind---filled with a strong desire to wander.

It was only towards the end of last autumn that I returned from rambling along the coast. I barely had time to sweep the cobwebs from my broken house on the River Sumida before the New Year, but no sooner had the spring mist begun to rise over the field

than I wanted to be on the road again to cross the barrier-gate of Shirakawa in due time. The gods seemed to have possessed my soul and turned it inside out, and roadside images seemed to invite me from every corner, so that it was impossible for me to stay idle at home. Even while I was getting ready, mending my torn trousers, tying a new strap to my hat, and applying moxa to my legs to strengthen them, I was already dreaming of the full moon rising over the islands of Matsushima. Finally, I sold my house, moving to the cottage of Sampu for a temporary stay. Upon the threshold of my old home, however, I wrote a linked verse of eight pieces and hung it on a wooden pillar. The starting piece was:

Behind this door
Now buried in deep grass,
A different generation will celebrate
The Festival of Dolls.

(translation by Nobuyuki Yuasa, published by Penguin Books in their Classics Series, 1966)

* * *

Comment:

In the spring of 1689 the Japanese poet Basho accompanied by his friend and disciple Sora set forth from old Tokyo on a nine month walk which took them through the backlands and highlands north of the capital and then west to the Japan Sea coast and along it until they turned inland again towards Kyoto. Basho recorded approximately the first half of this journey as a journal, which he worked on for about six years, and which finally became the OKU-NO-HOSOMICHI, or BACK ROADS TO FAR TOWNS. This journal is essentially a poem and over the years it has become a center of the Japanese mind/heart.

A number of Basho's most famous haikus are contained in this journal, or rather, set in it, for the journal itself, Basho's observations and feelings about his passage provide the soil in which the poems are studded. They are of the trip and yet more, they are his realizations of what he is writing.

Thus to read Basho's haikus out of their natural context is to miss entirely the poet's sense of life and art.

This is of course what we have done; there are countless collections of haiku translations around, all rather petite, sugary, the language absolutely bland. Before I lived in Japan I used to wonder: how could any people get excited about poems like these? The most important thing about the Kamaike/Corman version of Basho's masterpiece is that it is made recognizable as such for the first time for western eyes.

I juxtapose it to Penquin Yuasa because the Yuasa version is pretty much what has been done (Henderson,

Blyth, Peter Pauper Series etc) heretofore. The fact that Yuasa did not yank the poems out of their context and print them 5 to the page (often from different journals or linked series) along with versions of Buson and Isa is commendable. One at least in Yuasa sees the relationship between Basho' s prose and his poetry. However the difference between the two versions here presented is so incredible that the Yuasa read next to the Kamaike/ Corman appears as a gloss, or an explanation, dulled and padded, of what the latter translators have actually rendered.

In the K./C. translations haiku as a poetic form makes sense in English. Since the entry I have quoted is mostly prose (tho the method is typical of the entire journal: the prose as a narrative into which the journey is fed, and which filling sets up the occasion for a poem, which often follows, or ends, realizes, a day, or entry), and is the first entry of the fifty-three, many of which contain three or four poems, let me quote a few haiku by both translators. The point here is not to embarrass Yuasa but by comparison show what can be done in English. (The Japanese original was not available while this Test was being prepared)

Yuasa versions	K./C. versions
Turn the head of your horse Sideways across the field, To let me hear The cry of a cuckoo.	across the fields head the horse hototogisu

(note: hototogisu: Jap. cuckoo, whose name is its song)

A thicket of summer grass
Is all that remains
Of the dreams and ambitions
Of ancient warriors.

summer grass
warriors
dreams' ruins

Crawl out bravely
And show me your face,
The solitary voice of a toad
Beneath the silkworm nursery.

come on out
from under the worm room
croaker

The great Milky Way
Spans in a single arch
The billow-crested sea,
Falling on Sado beyond.

wild seas (ya
to Sado shoring up
the River of Heaven

About this last poem Corman comments: "When Basho on the evening of the Tanabota (Star) Festival (a midsummer night) looks at the island of exiles (Sado) on the Japan Sea coast, the words he has perpetuated for eyes:

ara-umi-ya / Sado-ni-yokoto / ama-no-gawa

wild seas (ya / to Sado shoring up / the River of Heaven

where "the River of Heaven" is usually rendered, less vividly here, by our "Milky Way", the thought feeling is clearly not one of "annihilation" and it registers a difference not only of eyes (think how Emily Dickinson' s "Wild Seas" erupt into per-

sonal passion) but of the heart' s intelligence intricate in them. For Basho looking out over a turbulent sea towards the evening' s horizon sees that sad island as only the highest wave of that moment bringing the eye to the sky with its stream of stars, from the vastity and confusion of the nearer noisier sea to the very pitch of isolation and returning not by sea but by see! by the artery of heaven' s stars, to the shore made more immensely silent, lost and celebrant in breath' s breathlessness." (from AT : BOTTOM, Caterpillar I, 1966).

When one poet feels that deeply into another poet' s work we have a partial answer as to why the former might be able to render the latter into the heart of his own language.

The word is that the Kamaike/Corman version of OKU-NO-HOSOMICHI will soon be available in book form by the way of a new poetry press starting up in Tokyo.+ What good news that is. But too how sad that work of this quality is not picked up at home.

---Clayton Eshleman

* * *

+ available now through the publisher, Mushinsha Ltd., at IRM/The Plaza 2 West 59th Street/NYC, $8.50, and bilingual.

Charles E. Ives

THERE IS
AN INCREDIBLE FLUX OF
NOVELTY INTO THE WORLD,

AND YET WE TOLERATE INCREDIBLE DULNESS.

THE STUDY OF NATURE
MAY TEND TO
MAKE ONE DOGMATIC

BUT THE LOVE
OF NATURE SURELY
DOES NOT

Charles Ives would have certainly opposed the war in Viet Nam.

A day in 1846 Henry Thoreau found himself imprisoned. in Concord, Mass. for refusing to pay tax.

He felt keenly the encroachment of a government which acted little on the basis of equitability or justice. And he himself had come close to believing against any form of government whatsoever.

If the view of the composer Ives was not quite so extreme, he was equally committed to ideals — the same ideals. His sense of the democratic was in the tradition of the New England Town Meeting.

These larger human involvements by philosopher-artists have much meaning for us. — As much as the pages they left. — In deed, the quality of their lives being prime necessities in the creation of these pages.

We can be most specific — it being more than simply inspiring personal examples: the content of their concern remains relevant.

THERE COMES FROM CONCORD
AN OFFER TO EVERY MAN —
THE CHOICE BETWEEN REPOSE AND TRUTH.

Thoreau's Civil Disobedience was explicit in condemning both slavery and the American aggression against Mexico.

— a great parallel! those two burning issues of this day (their direct descendents)

Will we be as much? Will we each of us match that record of how a man acts in such times?

IT MATTERS NOT ONE JOT,
PROVIDED THE CAUSE
OF PERSONAL LOYALTY TO A
CAUSE BE STEADFASTLY PURSUED,
WHAT THE SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STYLE OF
THE MUSIC MAY BE...

WHAT IS THE
PRICE CURRENT OF AN
HONEST MAN AND A PATRIOT
TODAY?

(Thoreau)

IN OTHER WORDS, WHEN A SIXTH OF THE POPULATION OF A NATION WHICH HAS UNDERTAKEN TO BE THE REFUGE OF LIBERTY ARE SLAVES, AND A WHOLE COUNTRY IS UNJUSTLY OVERRUN AND CONQUERED BY A FOREIGN ARMY...

I THINK THAT IT IS NOT TOO SOON TO REBEL AND REVOLUTIONIZE.

(Ives)

THE CLEAR PICTURE OF INHUMANITY FORCED ON THE WORLD..... THE FIRST NEWS OF THE KAISER'S HOG-MARCH THROUGH BELGIUM

WHAT MAKES THIS DUTY THE MORE URGENT IS THE FACT THAT THE COUNTRY SO OVERRUN IS NOT OUR OWN,

BUT OURS IS THE INVADING ARMY.

SO NOW THE ONE BIG THING FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD TODAY IS TO MAKE IT A MAN'S WORLD

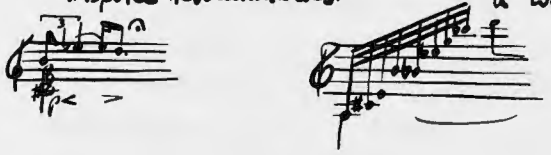
AND NOT A SNEAK-THIEVING, SISSY, MOLLY-CODDLE, SUSPICIOUS WORLD TO LIVE AND DIE IN.

as on my first page, they speak of each other, here they both speak together, and for now.

I THINK THAT WE SHOULD BE MEN FIRST, AND SUBJECTS AFTERWARD.

Philosophic: break-down the thought – reality dualism.
It is not enough if you do not act it. (It may not be anything at all.) "No ideas except in things" said the poet William Carlos Williams.

Personal: the necessary consequences of an uncompromising life.
the recluse who inspired revolutionaries.
the intellectual who was a woodsman.



I would not be exaggerating to say
that the jail-house was the
negative pole of which Walden Pond was the positive,
the axis being Thoreau's own integrity
and his knowledge of the accord between
self and nature,
and how contemplation is led out into the world.

HIS TEMPERMENT
COMMITTED HIM TO ACTION,
HIS FAITH TO
CONTEMPLATION.

Read the "Essays Before a Sonata" wherein Ive's shares his sense of vigorous immediacy which yet can contain Man's entire past; the transcendent thought from sages of China and Ancient Greece, and with them a whole line of New England preachers. Wisdom of the spirit which embraces with no lessening of that multifarious everyday world containing baseball, business, picnics, and marching bands.

(about Ives): firmly and enthusiastically rooted in the life of his time — yet with an encompassing perspective — and the most surely affirmed integrity of his person.

(about Thoreau): personification of individualism to the point of iconoclasm, he was nevertheless intensely engaged in the affairs of the world. (about both of them).

That Thoreau, a man of solitude and a liver in nature, equally an observer of natural phenomena and a reader of classics, a man reported to be not excessively sociable, should make himself a model of social consciousness

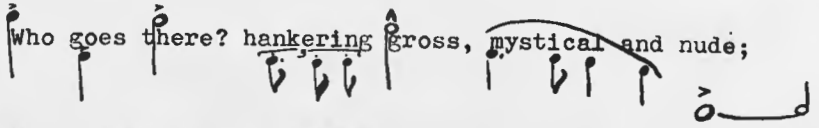
THE ONLY OBLIGATION WHICH I HAVE A RIGHT TO ASSUME IS TO DO AT ANY TIME WHAT I THINK RIGHT.

shows the dimensions which are able to be brought into essential oneness. —morning meditation at Walden Pond and Civil Disobedience in Town— not only reconcilable, but together in a flow of mutual effects and consequences.

This striking blend of opposite concerns:
this degree of complexity harmonized to the point of paradox:
with Ives it is the same. In expression; in his music.

these poles:
the active, complex + dynamic. Whitmanesque....
the simple and tranquil, quiescent — as if oriental.....

WALT WHITMAN
who was also both!



At both of these extreme-points
his is more developed than any other music of this century.
(whole-tone scale; ostinati + permutated repetition; — polyrhythms, multitonality freed of keys + themes, great dissonance)
Perhaps this is no paradox, that the extremes are the same.
HE KNOWS, and all is reconciled.

he calls them "THE ANTIPODES" in his great song.

..... whole gamut in details ; all harmonized .....

Do I contradict myself?
Very well then, I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes).

As Thoreau did, it as he lived it. Ives wrote

Transcendent —perhaps this is what it was that they call a philosophical movement!

and Ives lived it too.

with the one half of his life in the insurance business. ! so improbable an endeavour ..... that that was where he could put himself, put his heart. Yet he was in it fully; he believed in it; he found there a field for vigor and for creative contributions. Even for ideals. (allow me to defer comment on this.)

for now, for the contact of the creative spirit with the substance of the real world, I will call the firm of Ives & Myrick : "CHARLES IVES' WALDEN POND":

PERHAPS
THE BIRTH OF ART WILL TAKE PLACE
AT THE MOMENT IN WHICH THE LAST
MAN WHO IS WILLING TO MAKE A
LIVING OUT OF ART IS GONE FOREVER.

This man of unlimited interests.

: Theoretical papers on acoustics and harmony.

: Political and social essays.
—he circulated a proposal for a 20th Amendment to the Constitution
—conceived of the League of Nations beginning Man's progress to a People's World Nation

(all of these things getting into Expression within the music)

And so transcends another duality : Music in its quality of timelessness,—
—and its essential rootedness in immediacy.

Whitman I resist anything better than my own diversity.

DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN
THE COMPLEXITY OF NATURE
WHICH TEACHES FREEDOM,
AND THE COMPLEXITY
OF MATERIALISM,
WHICH TEACHES SLAVERY.

Ives' unparalleled scope: of expression, of technique, of exploration— it is the consequence of his 'immersion' in detail-full living reality, turning the concrete into mind-stuff, building complexities the way nature grows them: Elaboration, Above Simplicity.

This is quite a message for an age which persists in starting from abstractions.

In the 19th Cent. it seemed that Boston was cosmopolitan and Concord provincial; now it seems otherwise.

The universal is discovered everywhere in some particular.

IT IS NOT WORTHWHILE TO GO ROUND
THE WORLD TO COUNT THE CATS IN ZANZIBAR.

.... and if Ives is in any sense a "Nationalist" he is the one — with the possible only exception of Bartók who has in this century successfully confronted this issue.

WITH THIS ASSURANCE HIS MUSIC WILL HAVE EVERYTHING IT SHOULD OF SINCERITY, NOBILITY, STRENGTH, AND BEAUTY, NO MATTER HOW IT SOUNDS;

FOR IF HE HAS LIVED SINCERELY,
IT MUST HAVE BEEN IN A DISTANT LAND TO ME.

AND IF WITH THIS HE IS TRUE TO NONE BUT THE HIGHEST OF AMERICAN IDEALS (THAT IS, THE IDEALS ONLY THAT COINCIDE WITH HIS SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS) HIS MUSIC WILL BE TRUE TO ITSELF AND INCIDENTALLY AMERICAN.

This has something to do with Ives' distinction between the substantial core and the surface mannerism.

SUBSTANCE TENDS TO CREATE AFFECTION, MANNER PREJUDICE.

A TRUE LOVE OF COUNTRY IS LIKELY TO BE SO BIG THAT IT WILL EMBRACE THE VIRTUE ONE SEES IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE ONLY OBLIGATION WHICH I HAVE A RIGHT TO ASSUME IS TO DO AT ANY TIME WHAT I THINK RIGHT.

SUBSTANCE CAN BE EXPRESSED IN MUSIC ...IT IS THE ONLY VALUABLE THING IN IT.

SUBSTANCE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH CHARACTER.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A TUNE COMES FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR THE SOUL, AND THE MANNER COMES FROM GOD KNOWS WHERE.

(first thoughts on this subject): Thoreau-Ives: of concern to demonstrate the relation..... to "put" them together.

The lable-word — "Transcendentalism"

But I stopped myself before I could reach that scholarly THERE IS ONLY ONE TEXT-book. Are the sounds of Ives.... Are WAY, WE SAY; the words of Thoreau.... not transcend- BUT THERE ARE ental enough? If I would be AS MANY WAYS AS CAN BE before them and not be DRAWN RADII able to know that, what could any professor Tell FROM ONE CENTER. me? In Ives' essay — he hap- enough insights without making a system. As he tells his professor-critics: "Your Thoreau is NOT my Thoreau". I could feel the great

synthesis, the sense of the musical
sounds I have loved for years,
as if Thoreau was telling me in his words
about them— he, who could
not have heard them, teaching me.

the touch of the world flowing in all the shapes of the spirit.
I saw in this a Yankee form of the ecstatic and virile
revelations recognized in the trans-
cendentals, from the Zen masters
to the Hasidim.

So if the Word is ever the same,
and the Great Tao, or the
Oversoul, or the 2 yods which
are forever in the eyes and ears—
express the nameless,
(when the mote is removed)
then .... I may develop the idea that they, these two
may be together
and may be the more together
— in that there be nothing to put them together.

Let these things affect the very life itself — know Walden
better than those who can quote it better.

"On the Necessity of Civil Disobedience" words to shake up your soul.
you must understand this
more than scholarship,
by your own day in jail.

IT MAY BE POSSIBLE
THAT A DAY IN A KANSAS
WHEAT FIELD WILL DO MORE FOR
[THE AMERICAN COMPOSER]
THAN 3 YEARS IN ROME.

I HAVE EXPERIENCED A GREAT FULNESS
OF LIFE IN BUSINESS.

Let me then
know nothing of the philosophical
UNDER A schools — in the spirit of Thoreau being no scholastic
GOVERNMENT WHICH naturalist — but writing his great nature book.
IMPRISONS ANY
UNJUSTLY, THE TRUE PLACE THE FABRIC OF EXISTENCE WEAVES
FOR A JUST MAN IS ALSO A PRISON. ITSELF WHOLE.

Now I could say: Surely they are closely related!
They are both Americans

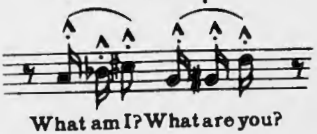
does that sound trivial? ..... or even offensive?
..... what I mean: So much their own selves.

They are both so supremely and uniquely "individuals"; so not-only "Americans".

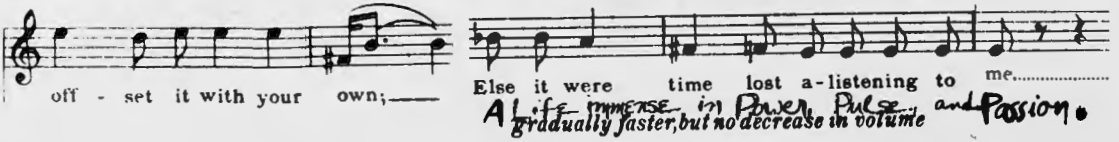
our Nationalism is not the uniformity of elsewhere—Except on 4th of July the Stars+Stripes America and HUAC!
and Never with great art.

If it appears that there has ever been here the kind of cultural coherence as, say, in Europe, this is an illusion. There is yes, an ersatz importation, the institutionalized "genteel Tradition" that every great American creator, and certainly our two had to fight against, had to get through, had to dig through the thick dead foreign layer to the source, buried somewhere in the ground where the Indians were exterminated.

If we do not identify through the continuity of a consistent Tradition, this is no loss. It is freedom! as we can as individuals work from any starting-point towards the One-Center. It is this, I believe, which has permitted the music of Ives (not, as has been stated, to be full of flaws and "lapses from good taste") but— to stand as an achievement of unparalleled scope.



MY PURPOSE IN GOING TO WALDEN POND WAS not to live cheaply nor to live dearly THERE,


off - set it with your own;—
Else it were time lost a-listening to me.....
A life immense in Power, Pulse and Passion.
gradually faster, but no decrease in volume

but TO TRANSACT SOME
PRIVATE BUSINESS
WITH THE FEWEST POSSIBLE
OBSTACLES. There is a "Tradition of the New" ; in art-critic Harold Rosenberg's book he uses the image of the "redcoats" making war on revolutionary America, or trying to, playing the war game as on the mapped-out battle fields of Europe. using the 12 tone system — (any numbers will do, systematically). On any number of campuses they are still trying to chant the wilderness. AN ITCH TO BE ORIGINAL, WITH NOTHING BUT NUMBERS TO BE ORIGINAL WITH.

Of course, we have finally made it through the West to the Coast and, except for a few little reservations left, got it all pinned down.

No wonder some soldier in Viet Nam can say we'll win when we get it all bulldozed and asphalted over — just like we do to ourselves in suburbia.

This would be the place to introduce Rollo, a personage found in the margins of Ives manuscripts, the parlor aesthete who can't take good strong sound, the political conservative, who is incapable of standing up to a dissonance like a man.

NATURE
AND HUMAN
LIFE
ARE
AS
VARIOUS AS
OUR
SEVERAL
CONSTITUTIONS

It may be that when a poet or a whistler becomes conscious
WHEN A POET OR WHISTLER BECOMES CONSCIOUS
THAT HE IS ON THE EASY PATH
that he is in the easy path of any particular idiom—that he is helplessly prejudiced in favor of any particular means of expression—
THAT HE FAVORS A CONTRAPUNTAL GROOVE
A SOUND COLORING ONE,
that his manner can be catalogued as modern or classic—that he favors a contrapuntal groove, a sound-coloring one, a sensuous one, a
A SUCESSFUL ONE
successful one, or a melodious one (whatever that means)—that his interests lie in the French school or the German school, or the school of Saturn that he is involved in this particular "that" or that particular "this. or in any particular brand of emotional complexes—in a word, when he becomes conscious that his style is "his personal own," that it has monopolized a geographical part of the world's sensibilities—then it may be that the value of his substance is not growing, that it even may have started on its way backwards; it may be that he is trading an inspiration for a bad habit, and, finally, that he is reaching fame, permanence, or some other undervalue, and that he is getting farther and farther from a perfect truth. TRADING INSPIRATION FOR A BAD HABIT.

this is too good! quote it all.
THE VALUE OF HIS SUBSTANCE IS NOT GROWING

Henry Cowell says, in his biography of Ives: To experiment and explore has never been revolutionary for an American; he is at home in the unregulated and untried.

IF YOU HAVE ANY ENTERPRISE BEFORE YOU, TRY IT IN YOUR OLD CLOTHES.

EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF NOT BEING OVER-INFLUENCED.

NO YARD! BUT UNFENCED NATURE REACHING UP TO YOUR VERY SILLS.

A MAN WHO HAS AT LENGTH FOUND SOMETHING TO DO, WILL NOT NEED TO GET A SUIT TO DO IT IN.

One could hardly talk about lives and about thoreau while wearing the acceptable starched and tied formal dress.

YOU CANNOT SET AN ART OFF IN THE CORNER, AND HOPE FOR IT TO HAVE VITALITY, REALITY, AND SUBSTANCE.

THERE CAN BE NOTHING EXCLUSIVE ABOUT A SUBSTANTIAL ART.

So I will need not make any relationships which do not occur of themselves.

Not even trying — how many ideas and things are drawn together.

IT COMES DIRECTLY OUT OF THE HEART OF EXPERIENCE OF LIFE AND THINKING ABOUT LIFE AND LIVING LIFE.

UNJUST LAWS EXIST. SHALL WE BE CONTENT TO OBEY THEM?

THE "UNITY OF DRESS" FOR A MAN AT A BALL REQUIRES A COLLAR, YET HE COULD DANCE BETTER WITHOUT IT.

A WISE MAN WILL ONLY BE USEFUL AS A MAN

People are fond of admitting all of Ives' innovations: "Yes..... but..." 30 years late our critics and professionals are still condescending, though they've caught up enough to "appreciate" him.

When I was involved in presenting concerts of this music I heard, "Everyone's interested in Ives, but not to go and hear him." (Though that situation is gradually changing — at least for him.) After all this time, listeners should be beyond both the initial shocked incomprehension, and the phase of respectful enumeration of the innovations. Nothing less than to be able to hear the music, to experience how marvelous it is.

yet he says in "Grantchester" when he evokes the Faun that "the Classics are not dead." what did Thoreau read in his woods?

Classics for them meant more than the provincial nonsense of "the Western Heritage." Rather they include the Vedas, and the Chinese philosopher-kings. They would have evidently accepted anything and everything of value that they could have known about — as there is no excuse for our not doing.

Is [fff p] banged out on Bronson Alcott's beat-up piano in Concord less the real Beethoven than,

—than what? Than Leonard Bernstein talking about the symphony on TV?

Or would one have the sterile abstractions of the theory classrooms?

And does Ives not really, after all, accept the Tradition?

But the real tradition — accepted — truly — for what lives in the present.

The academic stupidly uses the masterpieces to limit possibilities, as models of manner rather than inimitable portions of substance, and thus is shown how that kind of teacher, like the critics, has himself no understanding of these worthy things.

And then he puts Beethoven's Fifth into everything he writes.

He knows all the good things humanity has left behind — laid up for his, and our, uses. Not to be sacrificed to, "lest the world be corrupted by a single true idea.

The past will only be equalled (and will again & again be equalled) in ever new shapes. (c)

I believe that it is Ives' kind of building upon the riches of the past which is the true basis for it; and not the conservative who is "upholding civilization" and perhaps killing, or condoning, to hold up this Christian Culture.

It is not only in the arts that the Past is subject to misuse.

Thoreau

THE GOVERMENT ITSELF WHICH IS ONLY THE MODE WHICH THE PEOPLE HAVE CHOSEN TO EXECUTE THEIR WILL, IS EQUALLY LIABLE TO BE ABUSED AND PERVERTED BEFORE THE PEOPLE CAN ACT THROUGH IT.

(Ives)

PROPERTY, IN THE NAME OF EFFICIENCY, IS TRYING TO GET CONTROL OF THE WAR MACHINERY, AND SO MORE EFFECTIVELY ESTABLISH ITSELF IN CONTROL OF THIS COUNTRY.

(1914)

Who gets it in the neck? The Politicians?
NO, THE PEOPLE.
Who has the whole say in all countries? The People?
NO, THE POLITICIANS.

UNDER THE NAME OF ORDER AND CIVIL GOVERNMENT, WE ARE ALL MADE AT LAST TO PAY HOMMAGE TO AND SUPPORT OUR MEANNESS

WITNESS THE PRESENT MEXICAN WAR THE WORK OF COMPARATIVELY FEW INDIVIDUALS USING THE STANDING GOVERNMENT AS THEIR TOOL, FOR, IN THE OUTSET NOT HAVE CONSENTED TO THIS MEASURE.

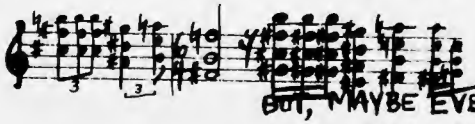
witness the present war

THE PEOPLE WOULD

Said Mr. Lincoln, "U. S. involvement in Mexico at this time is wholly unwarranted intrusion undertaken by us for plainly imperialist purposes. We have absolutely no right to be in Mexico and my sympathies are entirely with the Mexican people. The right of the people of any country to settle their own affairs is a most valuable a most sacred right."

THOUGH THE YOUTH AT
LAST GROWS INDIFFERENT,
THE LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE
ARE NOT INDIFFERENT, AND
ARE FOREVER ON
THE SIDE OF THE MOST SENSITIVE.

IN THE HISTORY OF THIS YOUTHFUL
WORLD, THE BEST PRODUCT THAT
HUMAN BEINGS CAN BOAST OF
IS PROBABLY BEETHOVEN.



BUT, MAYBE EVEN HIS ART
IS AS NOTHING IN COMPAR-
ISON WITH THE FUTURE PRODUCT
OF SOME COAL-MINER'S SOUL
IN THE 41ST CENTURY.

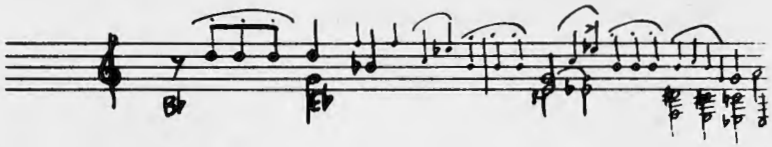
Who makes war? The People?
NO, THE POLITICIANS.

THIS AMERICAN GOVERNMENT
—WHAT IS IT BUT A TRADITION, THOUGH
A RECENT ONE, ENDEAVORING TO
TRANSMIT ITSELF UNIMPAIRED TO POSTERITY,
BUT EACH INSTANT LOSING SOME OF ITS INTEGRITY?

Let us not, in music at least, make the same error.

HOW DOES IT
BECOME A MAN TO BEHAVE
TOWARD THIS AMERICAN
GOVERNMENT TODAY?

I ANSWER, THAT
HE CANNOT WITHOUT DISGRACE
BE ASSOCIATED WITH IT.



Thoreau said that the past enterprises are always abandoned by the next generation. No doubt he included himself! If we respect ourselves, then we may find out what is respectable in the past, and most significantly, we will then respect the future.

Coming to America, Arnold Schönberg said that he had found the great-man who "has solved the problem of how to preserve one's self. His name is Ives.

YET SOME CAN BE PATRIOTIC WHO
HAVE NO SELF-RESPECT,
AND SACRIFICE THE
GREATER TO THE
LESSER.

We too should be bigger than our "oeuvre", not make careers and play the ego game, give up cramming it down others' throats, especially the young — whose teachers often inflict certain sets of standards, selfishly, because of their own attachment to such.
With Ives, we can trust our selves and creations voluntarily to be let out in the world.

A SONG HAS SOME RIGHTS OF ITS OWN.

Everything one does can be only better for this, even if my music too must lie 20 years in a Danbury Barn.

A VERY FEW, AS HEROES,
PATRIOTS, MARTYRS,
REFORMERS IN THE GREAT SENSE,
AND MEN,

SOME HAVE WRITTEN A BOOK FOR MONEY;
I HAVE NOT.
SOME FOR FAME;
I HAVE NOT.
SOME FOR KINDLINGS;
I HAVE NOT.

AND MEN,

SERVE THE STATE WITH THEIR CONSCIENCES ALSO, AND SO NECESSARILY RESIST IT, FOR THE MOST PART, AND THEY ARE COMMONLY TREATED AS ENEMIES BY IT.

IN FACT, I HAVE NOT WRITTEN A BOOK AT ALL. I HAVE MERELY CLEANED HOUSE.

Now, is it not Ives we dig for, and not his teacher Horatio Parker, the success?

THE TRUE HUSBANDMAN WILL CEASE FROM ANXIETY ..... SACRIFICING IN HIS MIND NOT ONLY HIS FIRST BUT HIS LAST FRUITS ALSO.

PRIZES ARE THE BADGES OF MEDIOCRITY!

By the way, a thing to be looked into: How could it come that this man who went into the insurance business for idealistic motives rather than to make a lot of money, who limited his income to $10,000 yearly and believed no man should take more, who donated money to New Music publishing but refused to copyright his own work, who had some of his own music printed at his expense and sent it around free, how has it come about that this music is now possessed by a commercial publisher and that it is still not, many works, generally available?

EVERYBODY WHO WANTS A COPY IS TO HAVE ONE.

THIS MUSIC IS NOT TO MAKE MONEY BUT TO BE KNOWN AND HEARD. WHY SHOULD I INTERFERE WITH ITS LIFE BY HANGING ON TO SOME SORT OF PERSONAL LEGAL RIGHT IN IT?

Ives' faith: — for this he gives freedom to his performers. From this courageous beginning the music world has come so far. Even when Ives' writing is extremely, and exactly, complicated — and exacting, he is far from the practice in some contemporary circles, of the composer's proving himself by testing the players. He may rather have been thinking of the

THERE IS AN INNATE QUALITY IN HUMAN NATURE WHICH GIVES MAN THE POWER TO SENSE THE DEEPER CAUSES, ... ESPECIALLY IS THIS SO IN THE SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, AND OTHER ESSENTIAL RELATIONS BETWEEN MEN.

frenchhorn player who could never keep up with the band—or who would never keep up. He was after the complexity and diversity; he wrote it down as he knew how. Indeterminate composition has now developed this premise to a more direct realization. This depends equally on the availability of imaginative and responsible performers— we seem to have taken a few steps in this direction.

ALL CHANGE IS A MIRACLE TO CONTEMPLATE, BUT IT IS A MIRACLE WHICH IS TAKING PLACE EVERY INSTANT.

A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY IS ONE OF THE DEFINITE WAYS OF SOCIETY FOR TOUGHENING ITS MORAL MUSCLES, FOR EQUALIZING ITS MISFORTUNES, AND HENCE—THE OLD PROBLEM— OF SUPPLYING A FUNDAMENTAL HUMAN WANT.

THE INSTINCTIVE REASONING OF THE MASSES HAS BEEN THE IMPELLING INFLUENCE IN SOCIAL PROGRESS.

and this is from "The Amount To Carry" a manual for insurance-men.

In the 1st Piano Sonata it is written that it is "an impromptu affair" —there follow 4 variants of one measure, to give the idea. This is not to be an excuse for making things easier— not so that the NY Philharmonic could play, in 1965, an avant-garde program of Feldman, Brown and Cage, trying to fool around, make asses of themselves.

LAW NEVER MADE MEN A WHIT MORE JUST; AND BY MEANS OF THEIR RESPECT FOR IT, EVEN THE WELL-DISPOSED ARE DAILY MADE THE AGENTS OF INJUSTICE.

Ives would want the performer to take it to a higher level, the unfinished growing he always talks about— stand on the guru's shoulders.

He once walked out on a singer who was to perform some of his songs since, he said, the man was only doing the easy ones.

Refer to the last page, Movement II, 1st Piano Sonata

While the volumes Ives published himself (the Concord Sonata; the 114 Songs) are painstakingly edited as the composer added new notes that there sometimes exist several different and definitive versions. There are also those which were only fragmentary and sometimes barely decipherable sketches, requiring in cases like the 4th Symphony, years to realize. This is understandable, given the neglect which gave few opportunities for any performance. To be sure, this makes for a greater effort to get at his intention— but Ives would not have objected! A greater range of possibilities opens up. For instance the works for chamber orchestra are dense, challenging, and not frightening. With hard work, as my own experience with Tone Roads Nos. 1 & 3 showed, they need not sound like the undifferentiated mush on the commercial recording of them.

are in fact so much revised over the years

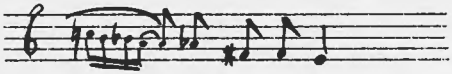
WHO THAT HAS HEARD A STRAIN OF MUSIC FEARED THEN LEST HE SHOULD SPEAK EXTRAVAGENTLY ANY MORE FOREVER?

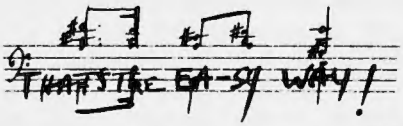
A CLEARER SCORING MIGHT HAVE LOWERED THE THOUGHT.

I DO NOT SUPPOSE THAT I HAVE ATTAINED TO OBSCURITY.

(Ives) The Amount To Carry)

For what are technical complexities anyway?





— whence do they come
if not from the natural evolution
of the business?

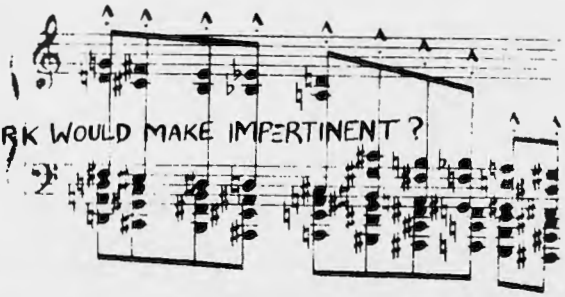
(Thoreau)
NEW, universal, and more liberal
laws will begin to establish themselves
around and within him;
or the old laws expanded, and
interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense.

(Ives)

The way will be simple enough
to be understood by the many,
And complex enough to be
of some value to all!

The line of hard work (not excluding joy — Effortful Ecstasy!) is incompatible with the slick assurances and pretentions of study with Nadia Boulanger. Neither with music department chairmen who think that traditional music-education on the campus is a necessity for us, who list the effete American-name-composers whose works are an affront to the music under discussion today and to all the good healthy vital art of this country. Who deny to Ives a worth equal to the famous names of Europe, while dismissing utterly the folk and popular music which is of such inestimable value here. It is quite evident which choices Ives would have made. And what judgements. On "Thoreau Festivals" which feature the easy quotations, carefully excluding those requiring sacrifice to live up to.

HOW LONG SHALL WE SIT IN OUR PORTICOES PRACING IDLE AND MUSTY VIRTUES,



WHICH ANY WORK WOULD MAKE IMPERTINENT?

There is an attude along this line evidenced by the 2nd String Quartet, by its lack of expressive marks — which I suspect is very deliberate.

The first two movements are called "DISCUSSION" and "ARGUMENT." It is not only the sound of the music which expresses this, but the very process of working on it. The Quartet must explore it together, talk it through, make decisions about the relative importance of the parts, all the details, and how the details will be shaped into the whole. One thinks of the Schönberg chamber-works with their "Haupt stimme, Nebenstimme," etc. In Ives this determination of topmost, secondary parts, all the rest of this hierarchy of contrapuntal importance, is simply not

present, any given successful solution being certainly not the only one possible.

With all this, Ives would not shrink from at times hurling Emerson's thunderbolts at your toughened ears, just thundating the mind with his big strong sound, totally overwhelming, as in some orchestral passages.

FOR I AM CONVINCED
THAT I CANNOT EXAGGERATE ENOUGH
EVEN TO LAY THE FOUNDATION FOR
A TRUE EXPRESSION.

AND UNITY IS TOO GENERALLY CONCEIVED AS, OR TOO EASILY ACCEPTED AS ANALAGOUS TO FORM AND FORM AS ANALAGOUS TO CUSTOM AND CUSTOM TO HABIT.

The man is meditating in the midst of the vastness of Nature, and like Krishna in the Bagavad-Gita manifesting his ONE-ness as the sum of all reality, the soul goes beyond "a place for everything and everything in it's place" order..... self given willingly a totality so complete that its details may —or must— seem different on each hearing.

...AND VOTED THE WAY THEY ALWAYS DID

THE ULTIMATE OF A CONCEPTION IS ITS VASTNESS.

IT IS A RIDICULOUS DEMAND WHICH ENGLAND AND AMERICA MAKE THAT YOU SHALL SPEAK SO THAT THEY CAN UNDERSTAND YOU.

NEITHER MEN NOR TOADSTOOLS GROW SO.

Ives, in his Essays Before a Sonata, reports that Carlyle, from the vantage point of European philosophy, found that Emerson did not quite cohere.

This seems to be to the point regarding much of the best art in America. The notion of ordering things merely by logical sequence is often expressly transcended.

HIS UNDERLYING PLAN OF WORK SEEMS BASED ON THE LARGE

UNITY OF A SERIES OF
PARTICULAR ASPECTS OF A
SUBJECT, RATHER THAN ON
THE CONTINUITY OF ITS
EXPRESSION.

This new conception of form inheres in much music of the present day, and in other forms of art as well, the fruit of liberation from moment-to-moment causal necessities. This is the perfect intellectual key, in Ives own words, to the world of sound he opened — as if direct perception of that sound were not revelation enough!

AS THOUGHTS SURGE TO
HIS MIND, HE FILLS
THE HEAVENS WITH THEM,
CROWDS THEM IN, IF NECESSARY,
BUT SELDOM
ARRANGES THEM
ALONG THE GROUND
FIRST

(This is also what I'm doing in this lecture.)

Linked to "ideas of order" is seduction by surface polish. This seems to be a real contemporary American disease — from formica table-tops to the chrome lobby of the Time-Life Building.

IF FOR
EVERY
THOUSAND-DOLLAR
PRIZE,

SO THAT THESE CANDIDATES
OF CLIO CAN DIG
A LITTLE IN REAL LIFE.

Ives will have none of it.

He addressed himself in the Essays to the question of expressive power, and finds a vital distinction between substance and manner. I ...ART'S AIR MIGHT BE A LITTLE CLEANER.
that it is this intentional lack of "slick" that has misled some into thinking that Ives was an amateur. 'Lover! sure - - - certainly not a "pro":

JUST LIKE A
TOWN MEETING —
EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF.

He knew the balance between "Love & Power" and he knew how Thoreau knew it, as reflected in his remark on the first page of this.

WONDERFUL HOW IT CAME OUT.

just as Jackson Pollock said: as long as your mind stays clear, you won't make a mess

Here is an insight into the relation of macro and micro-cosmos that i wish some of the political reformers would consider: With true coherence — Total global interrelation, the individual, the unit, may be more, rather than less, free.

A FEAR OF FAILURE NEED KEEP NO ONE FROM THE ATTEMPT.

OUR INVENTIONS ARE WONT TO BE PRETTY TOYS, WHICH DISTRACT OUR ATTENTION FROM SERIOUS THINGS. THEY ARE BUT IMPROVED MEANS TO UNIMPROVED ENDS.

The presence of those marches and hymns is not so much sentimental evocation of the local scene (it isn't that at all) but parts of the whole of reality, unlimited, multi-dimensioned.

It is Varèse's "Poème Electronique" which is the single most developed consequence of such mental breadth — evocative and expressive detail complementing a full array of experiments-in-sound and innovations-in-form.

The true descendent is hardly Roy Harris or any of that folk-song Americana bit, but rather the radios, recordings, random bits of everyday surrounding here-and-nows that become part of the compositions of musicians like John Cage

No doubt this salutary influence as not yet come to the end of its effect on us.

Anyway, 50 years before Ives, Thoreau himself described what the music was going to sound like.

IF A MAN DOES NOT KEEP PACE WITH HIS COMPANIONS, PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE HE HEARS A DIFFERENT DRUMMER.

.....IN MUSIC, LIKE OTHER TRUTHS.....
THERE MUST ALWAYS REMAIN SOME FURTHER ELEMENT YET TO BE DISCLOSED.

LET HIM STEP TO THE MUSIC WHICH HE HEARS.

..... the everlasting vigor and fertility of the world.

We cannot touch a string
or move a stop
but the charming moral transfixes us.

Instead of no path to the front yard gate
in the Great Snow
—no gate
—no front yard—
—and no path to the civilized world.

AND WE ARE ENABLED TO APPREHEND
AT ALL
WHAT IS SUBLIME AND NOBLE

BY THE PERPETUAL INSTILLING
AND DRENCHING
OF THE REALITY THAT SURROUNDS US.

It remains for Ives to make the last deep remark

Thoreau was a great musician,

not because he played the flute
but because he did not have to go to Boston
to hear 'the Symphony'.

Philip Corner

(About his lecture, Philip Corner comments: "THOREAU AND IVES WITH SPECIFICS FOR THIS TIME was requested by Nassau Community College in 1967. It was part of a Thoreau Festival at least one of whose sponsors---until the presentation of the lecture---believed there was 'some vague connection' between the two men. On that evening the talk was preceded and followed by a performance of the Thoreau movement of Ives' Concord Sonata; there was also a String Quartet which decided not to play any Ives. As I took Thoreau at his word and dressed in rough woolshirt, dungarees and sandals, the pianist was provoked to say (gaining applause): 'I'm not about to apologize for playing this music in a Tuxedo.' My plan had included a rather detailed analysis of the music, not printed here because its place would be rather for a more specifically technical music interest, and was not delivered then, since the combination of suppressed hostility and sodden apathy which emanated from the audience, punctuated by walk-outs and by one lady shouting out loud, was not appropriate to any fine intellectual examination. A more delightful presentation, with student responses and questions permitting a spontaneous elaboration covering much more of Ives' music, together with contemporary issues, took place the following day in Dave Reck's 'Contemporary Music' class at the New School.")

D ALEXANDER:

went & going noise
create a swell in ground
audible

in walls surround us

mapping of words
heard thru water thru
sound

sounded to a state of going
: fish in water

presage movement a
passage
hole cut in wood
that fish in
birch shd look happy

that looking shd be seeing
as a fish is being
not seen or point to see
all

pointed
by the being of the fish

being now a fish

or one w/ a fish
or the less doing not
to do violence to the fish

count the number of fins
number these fins frm one thru
enough
fills doing
& am

done :
thick as a thumb
clogged w/ words : enough

* * *

SAM ABRAMS:
EPINIKION

wash sq 28 oct 66

B A L L P O I N T or typewriter
bombshape or rocket
arrowclipt in the pocket alike
of marine or shoe clerk
A VICTORY SONG
for those who carry not even one pen
without pockets over their hard soft
breasts no room to put anything in
the pockets stretched over narrow
asses a song for those we have not yet
unmanned totally those yet not without all grace

the abiding glory of this competition
the abiding glory of this laughter
laughter under unseasonal sun shadow
of the 1st electric lightsign
competition with laughter to win
laughing to try all of your powers with no
strain balance on one leg tight pants pick up
the token jump & turn in air red stripes tight
pants boots blond hair black skin olive skin
like milk 3 girls "it is called hopscotch"
a dance among the houses of heaven
chalk lines the black top chalk make an
order of chaos as all creation defines
the obscure kosmos becomes

light steps turn in air you dance the discovery
of america may it be

A possesion for your children
chalk in large sticks sold
only at halloween only by
candy stores pastel colors
to draw the goblins which will frighten away the dead
you need a sidewalk washed everyday
the merchant in his white apron
the broom that licences the young
once a year to draw on this sidewalk these windows
the children will protect us
with the signs they know

among ourselves we tried to mark oneanother
get the spot between the shoulder blades
cover a hand with chalk slap
orange was best red hardest to get out
blue did not show up on the dark mackinaws of my days

mark for the dead
take him
not me

also we disguised ourselves
collect our protection money

their faces almost gone from my memory
poets only offer the same kind of totally unsatisfying immortality
pen & chalk 1926 carved in the beech
everything is down there waiting for the excavator

---

break a hole in the city walls
like they say a fairy land dad bag
on the hudson float americas out
after twosies after threesies whoever wins altho wisdom
is mightier there are
more pretty girls than you can shake
8 pretty mothers on a bench
one I saw breaking her daughter
the dance on the black top
under which no thing awaits
bones removed to potters field
elm under which the militia exercised is looking sick
arch has been cleaned

let us erect a standard
dance on the black top over earth

---

for these girls many men with

cocks arched hi with desire with going to your utmost
without strain to compete among one another
laughing to sit on the black top without getting dirty
their grace
for us
for their children

* * *

(EPINIKION was first printed
in THE WORLD #1)

HUGH SEIDMAN: FIVE POEMS

ABSTRACTION ON HIS FATHER

The fire doors
open out going down

hinged at the left
to the outside frame.

In the intricacy of the stacks,
tier on tier,
turning always right
                it was possible
                for a man
                to remain unnoticed.

incurved
the frame' s vault
the door' s metal
the hand opens
in the gesture
of closing

There is the instance
of the fire door
locked to rescind
the forces of heat

slammed full
to the cores
of memory

& the artless rest
to him who desires.

* * *

The film
under an eyelid

The roomful
of people
& afterwards

The face
pressed
to a pillow

An irritant

as the smoke
passes
in the mind

in a hut

on a field of artillery

in a fire of napalm

* * *

THE CHILDREN

The black children from Harlem
cross the defenses of the park:

demand nickels & dimes
from terrorized whites.

But make no mistake
they are tough:

the heart beats fast
& the body
tenses in anticipation.

The Buddhists know
no man may help another:

the children move
yet children, as one,
with glass in his hand
from early morning
till late afternoon,
cries now, desparately.

* * *

LOVE POEM

surcease
surcease

the cloud' s edge
a crack
in the sun' s face

surcease
surcease

the church tower
dead east
in the mornings

brown hair tied with a black felt ribbon

a building with the windows gone

men throwing boards from a truck

as thus

from the mind' s light
as I lay
insane with love of you
the spider

descended on a thread
again
to bind me into death

* * *

3/67

The drop of sperm-pus
on the night' s seam
and inside
the foetus
of previous levers
turned in the fluid

the world, he said
and the smoke
rigged
in the tubing of hookas
but now, it was my time
for violence

remembering
in the incense
the resource of the door
and my mother' s hand
red and veined
reaching forward

then
the universe between us
and I was gasping fuck
into the creel of an ear

* * *

TED ENSLIN:

I think I go into abstraction
when the form is plain

when the flower is to flower
and wood makes wood

I am joined to a walk
or aimlessly

tuned to the sting
of a saw' s thrust

* * *

A Note on NORA JAFFE

Nora Jaffe' s art illuminates for me the difference between feminine and female. Nietzsche says somewhere that woman' s genius for decoration may be a result of her having for centuries been fated to a secondary role. If the feminine in art is taken as the decorative, seductive genius, the female is something else, a form of potency rather than an amenity or an elegance. (I think of Marianne Moore or Edith Sitwell in poetry, as contrasted to Sappho or Louise Labé.)

In many of her works Nora Jaffe alludes freely to the male body, as to a sexual equal. The femaleness of her art is linked to powerful and assured gestures, strokes of ink or paint possessing the energy of the word require in Blake' s verse:

> What is it men in women do require?
> The lineaments of Gratified Desire.
> What is it women do in men require?
> The lineaments of Gratified Desire?

The power of her paintings is most often a power of draughtsmanship rather than color---draughtsmanship and what strikes me as a richly female sense of the fullness and emptiness of spaces---black and white.

Seduction, in these pictures, is hardly the question---they are not seductive as a more decorative, coloristically idealized art might be. They suggest rather that the kingdom of the body, harsh and beautiful, tense and dreamlike, is a ground where two equals meet, like Sheba and Solomon; two equals who have been moving toward one another, purposefully, imaginatively, for a long, long time.

---Adrienne Rich

ANTONIN ARTAUD: CI-GIT
(HERE LIES)

Me, Antonin Artaud, I am my son
father and mother
me;
leveller of the imbecilic circuit
engendering gets hung up on,
the papa-mama bit
and baby,
scum of grandma's bum
far more than pa-ma's.

I.e., before mama and papa
who had no pa or ma
they say,
& where would they have got them
from
when they became that unique
unit
no bride or bridegroom
ever saw stand or sit
at that unlikely pit
the spirit casts about for for us,
for us
to be more disgusted at ourselves for,
this useless body
of meat and mad seed
this body hung, liceless as yet,
sweating on the impossible table

of heaven
its atom-callused
rummiest odor of abject
detritus
extruded from the slumber
of a finger-mutilated inca

who dreamt up an arm
with a dead palm for its
hand, fingerless
from continual king-killing.

Here parading the iron cymbals
I take the low gutted road
into the gullet of the right eye

under the tomb of the stiff plexus
elbowing under the road
to pull the baby out on the right.
NUYON KIDI
NUYON KADAN
NUYON KADA
TARA DADA I I
OTA PAPA
OTA STRAKMAN
OTA RAPIDO
OTA BRUTAN
OTARGUGIDO
OTE KRUTAN
for I was Inca but not king
KILZI TRAKILZI

FAILDOR
BARA BAMA
BARABA
CUT

etretili
TILI
gets you right in the god-knows-what
all gold
in the rout of all body.

And there was no sun no one
not a soul before me,
not a one to darling me.

Only a few were faithful didnt stop
dying for me.
When they were too dead to live,
I saw only the detestable,
those busy with holding their places,
fighting side by side,
too yellow to struggle against them.
But who saw them?
No one.

Myrmidons of Infernal Persephone,
microbes of empty gestures,
comical spit of a dead law,
cysts rupturing each other,
tongues of the avaricious
forceps
grating even on
urine,

latrines of bony death
always the same dull
vigor
screwing away,
with the same ardor,
whose antrum
ushers in a terrible
knot,
all wrapped up
in mother life (vie mère)
is the viper (vipère)
of my eggs.

For it' s the end which is the beginning.
And this end
is the one
that eliminates
all means.

And now,
all of you, beings,
I have to tell you that you' ve
always bugged me.
Go
get yourself
a good hot piece
lice
of eternity.

I' m not having anymore to do with
beings who have swallowed the
nail of life.

But some day I' ll be caught up with those
who swallowed life' s nail,
once I' ve lost my mother' s tit,
and the being twisted me under it,
and god turned me back to her.
(THE SON OF A BITCH)

So it is they' ll take
papa and mama
away from me
and the small fry of gee as
Cry
at the sex (center)
of the great strangling,
whence was taken this cros
sing of bier
(death)
and matter,
gave life
to Jizo-cry
when the crud of
me dead
was taken

the blood
whose whole life usurped
is gilded
outside

so it is that:
The great secret of Indian culture
is to lead the world back to zero,
FOREVER,

or better
1) later than sooner

2) i. e.,
sooner
than too soon

3) i. e., the latest
can recur only if
sooner has eaten too soon

4) i. e., at the same
time the latest
is what precedes
the too soon
and sooner

5) and as quick as
sooner may be
too late
which says not a word
is always there

point by point pulling apart
all the sooners.

Commentary

They came, all the sons of bitches,
after everything was pulled apart
opened from top to bottom

1) om-let homme-let
(this whispered)
you didnt know that
the state
EGG (idiot)
was the
anti-artaud state
par excellence
& that to poison artaud
there' s nothing
like beating up
a good omelette
anywhere
aiming at the
gelatinous point
artaud
trying to make a man
has fled
like a horrible plague
& it' s this point
that' s put back in him,

nothing like a good omelette
stuffed with cyanide & capers,
transmitted by air to his cadaster
to disarticulate Artaud
in the anathema of his bones
HUNG UPON THE INNER CADAVER

& 2) TAKE SOME PALAOULETTE
AND OUT YOU COMES LARGALOUETTE

3) TUBAN TITI TARFTAN
of the head and
the head aiming at you

4) LOMONCULUS OF THE FRONTAL
WITH A PINCH
OF THE PINCER PUTTING YOU OUT

he shoves at the putrid patron
this arrogant capitalist
of limboes
swimming to pa-ma
stuck together in the child' s sex
to empty the entire body
entirely of its matter
and put in its place, who?
whoever being and nothing
made,
as one is given to make pipi.

AND THEY' VE ALL

FUCKED US UP

No, there' s still the frightful drill,
the drill-business
that horrible
old gendering nail
perversity profiting gender
/ dont you see that the gender bit
is Jizi-cry,
already known in Mexico
long before his flight to Jerusalem on an ass,
and the crucifying of Artaud at Golgotha.
Artaud
who knew there was no spirit
only a body
refashioned as the cog of a toothed cadaver,
in the gangrene
of the femur
inside.
All true language
is incomprehensible,
like the clack
clack teeth;
or the clack (babble for brothel)
of the toothed femur (bleeding)/
scythe
of the sorrow sawn from the bone

DAKANTALA
DAKIS KETEL
TA REDABA
TA REDABEL

DE STRA MUNTILS
O EPT ENIS
O EPT ATRA

of the sorrow
sweated
in
BONE. ---
Of the sorrow sapped from the bone,
something was born
that became what was spirit
to dissolve in sorrow' s motor acid,
from the sorrow,
this matrix
a concrete matrix

and bone
the base of tuff
that became bone.

Moral

Dont ever sweat more than you have to
for you' ll end up founding a culture on the
sweat of your bones.

Moral

When the tuff was eaten by bone,
when the spirit nibbled from the rear,
the spirit opened its mouth too much
and got in the rear
of the head

a bone-withering smack.

Then

then
then
bone by bone
the sempiternal equalization returned

AND TURNED ELECTRON
BEFORE MELTING POINT BY POINT DOWN.

Conclusion

For me, simple,
Antonin Artaud
there' s no influence permitted me
being only a man
or
god.
I dont believe in the father
the mother
nor
in papa-mama

nature
spirit
or god

satan
or body
or being
life
or nothingness
nothing outside or inside
& least of all the mouth of being,
tooth-filled pit of a sewer
where you can always find
man sucking his substance
in me,
to take me a papa-mama,
& refashion an existence
free of me
over my dead body
rid
of the void
too,
sniffed at
from time
to time.
I speak
from beyond
time

as if time
werent overdone,
wasnt this overdone doing
of all the overdone souls
on the verge
cast off again in their wooden tubs.

* * *

(translated from Ci-gît, précédé de la Culture Indienne, K editeur, Pari 1948, by Cid Corman)

ROBERT DUNCAN: RITES OF PARTICIPATION

(part II, continued from CATERPILLAR 1)

They did not "belong". In that feeling their exile was not voluntary, but a recognition of necessity. In the poem Cities published in The Egotist in 1914, H.D.'s sense of a "we", a lonely few, isolated by their common devotion to beauty, and to the goods of the intellect, in the midst of a city of "them "who worship squalor, profit, and war, as the "one god", is not a phantastic attitude assumed but a feeling rooted in the social reality. "Can we believe," she proposes, "by an effort"

> comfort our hearts:
> it is not waste all this,
> not placed here in disgust,
> street after street,
> each patterned alike,
> no grace to lighten
> a single house of the hundred
> crowded into one garden-space.

Two ways of life---the one realized by the Protestant-Capitalist cult in its terms of usury, real estate, production for profit, and profitable work, and the other realized by the Military cult, in which old orders of Mithraic and Wotanic cult survived, in terms of Fatherland, death in battle, holocaust, and the hero's reward in the Valhalla orgy and the memorial days---these two had combined forces in 1914 to make a new world. War was to become, as it is in our own day, the most profitable business, the founda-

tion of the economy, and the economy was to become the cause of the soldier. Not "Light", as it had been for the Zoroastrian Mithraist, against "Darkness"; but the right of private property in the sense of capitalism against socialism or communism.

H. D. sees war-time London of the First World War in terms of the Platonic myth of the Golden Age and the Iron Age, and also, as in her War Trilogy London of the Second World War, in terms of the gnostic myth of souls from a creation of Light surviving in a second creation of Darkness. In Cities, the maker of cities has made a second city and a second people---this is the hive of the modern metropolis, crowded with cells

> hideous first, hideous now---
> spread larve across them,
> not honey but seething life
>
> And in these dark cells,
> packed street after street
> souls live, hideous yet---
> O disfigured, defaced,
> with no trace of the beauty
> men once held so light.

Back of this world is the memory of another, first, city:

> with the beauty of temple
> and space before temple,
> arch upon perfect arch,
> of pillars and corridors that led out
> to strange court-yards and porches
> where sun-light stamped
> hyacinth-shadows

black on the pavement.

It is the Poictiers or Verona of the first Cantos, and thirty years later in The Pisan Cantos it is "the city of Deioces whose terraces are the colour of stars" and also the Wagadu, the Mother-City of the Fasa, that four times in their wandering has been lost---"gone to sleep" the epic tale Gassire's Lute puts it, as given by Frogenius in the sixth volume of Atlantis, his collection of African folktales and poetry. In the prison camp at Pisa the memory of Wagadu, four times fallen asleep---'bnce through vanity, once through breach of faith, once through greed, and once through dissension"---with the chorus naming the cities of its four incarnations---"Hoooh! Dierra, Agada, Ganna, Silla!---Hoooh! Fasa!" ---returned to Pound as the lost city that is also the strength of those who live in the thought of her. "For in herself Wagadu is not of stone, nor of wood, nor of earth. Wagadu is the strength that lives in the hearts of men and that one time can be seen because eyes let her be seen, because ears hear the strike of sword and the clang of shield, and one time is invisible because worn out and beset by the untameable nature of men she has gone fast asleep." "Now in the mind indestructible," Pound sings in Canto LXXIV, and in Canto LXXVII: "now in the heart indestructible." Wagadu may then be the first city of H.D.'s Cities, the Mother that those who are devoted to Beauty remember. "For each man will salvage Wagadu in his heart," the African epic promises---"bergen",---the German translates, which means to salvage or rescue and also to give shelter to, to hold or to hide: "and each woman will keep hidden a Wagadu in her womb."

The people of that city, the people of a dream of a kind of human life once known that perished as the dominant way and is yet carried forward in the minds and hearts of certain devotees, this people remains, like the "we" of H.D.'s poem, intensely

aware of themselves in their allegiance to an invisible city more real than the city in which they are:

> Can we think a few old cells
> were left---we are left---
> grains of honey,
> old dust of stray pollen
> dull on our torn wings,
> we are left to recall the old streets?

To be a poet was to be disowned in terms of the reality values of the new city, to be outcast from the true motherland. In The Tribute, published in The Egotist in 1916, the First World War and the city of London are again seen in terms of an evil state that has taken the place of a good:

> Squalor spreads its hideous length
> through the carts and the asses' feet,
> squalor coils and reopens
> and creeps under barrow
> and heap of refuse . . .

"Don't use such an expression as 'dim lands of peace'", Pound had commanded: "It dulls the image. It mixes an abstraction with the concrete." For a moment the word "squalor", if we take it as an abstraction, may abstract us from the immediacy of the poem, but the squalor of the city is itself the presentation of a person of the poem. A "personification" it is called by those who believe such things are mere devices of a poetic grammar. But this squalor is the face or mask of an actual entity:

> it lengthens and coils

and uncoils and draws back
and recoils
through the crooked streets

the Evil One Himself, the old serpent or worm, seen by the poet in the seizure of the poem as He has been seen in the vision of saints and satanists or in the clairvoyance of seers, an astral shape pervading the ways of the city, so that the streets are "crooked", as in The Mills of the Kavanaughs Robert Lowell sees a path "snake" up its hill. Where He wounds us there are "our old hatreds", and in victory He may blacken the song upon singing lips. The dragon is Neschek as He appears in Pound' s fragment of Canto LXXII or Jormungand, the Midgard Serpent, whose scales are the corpses of men and whose venom is a corrupting greed and ambition, in whose likeness is the squalor of the slums, the coils of usury, and the murderous arrogance of modern war. In The Tribute, the tribute seems first to be the draft of young men into the armies of America and England, and the dragon has triumphed:

with no voice to rebuke---
for the boys have gone out of the city,
the songs withered black on their lips . . .

The "larve", the unawakened people of the poem Cities, are now the people of the dragon, their "one god":

They have banished the gods
and the half-gods
from the city streets,
they have turned from the god
of the cross roads,

the god of the hearth,
the god of the sunken well
and the fountain source . . .

and now they show their enmity openly towards those who do not hold their values and would oppose the tribute to their war:

Though not one of the city turned,
not one girl but to glance
with contempt toward us.

The few with convictions against the war really did face social ostracism. "The world of men is dreaming," Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell in 1915: "it has gone mad in its sleep, and a snake is strangling it, but it can't wake up." Two years later, driven out of Cornwall where they had been raided by the police, the Lawrences took refuge with H. D. at 44, Mecklenburgh Square. "London is really very bad: gone mad, in fact," he wrote Cecil Gray: "People are not people any more; they are factors, really ghastly, like lemures, evil spirits of the dead." And young men who had already begun their work for beauty's sake had died, "the songs withered black on their lips"---"non 'dulce' non 'et decor' ". In the pages of The Egotist war lists, first of young French and German artists and writers, then of English, had begun to appear.

The "we" of The Tribute is a remnant few very like the pitiful group that in Aristophanes' anti-war Lysistrata hold the decimated city:

A few old men rose up
with a few sad women to greet and hail us,
a few lads crept to welcome . . .

And the song was "withered black" upon the lips in another sense. For Pound, Lawrence, Joyce, H.D., Eliot, have a black voice when speaking of the contemporary scene, an enduring memory from this First World War that had revealed the deep-going falsehood and evil of the modern state. These had from their early years as writers a burning sense of the "they" that ran the war and that accepted its premises and of the "we" whose allegiance belonged to a Wagadu hidden in their hearts, among whom now many ghosts or specters---Wilfred Owen had come as the first great English loss among poets, but Gaudier-Brzeska and Hulme from the immediate circle of The Egotist had followed.

At the close of The Tribute, a prayer for deliverance begins:

> May we know that our spirits at last
> will be cleansed of all bitterness---
> that no one god may trample the earth,
> but the others still dwell apart
> in a high place
> with our dead and our lost.

Now the Wagadu no longer appears as an earlier city back of or surviving within the squalor of the contemporary city as in the poem Cities, where those "who recall the old splendour / await the new beauty of cities", but as a city in an other world evoked by a wish:

> That the boys our city has lost
> and the gods still dwell apart
> in a city set fairer than this
> with column and porch.

They appear here, the banished gods and lost boys, as the eternal ones who come in dreams, to whom the poet' s tribute is offered:

> That the lads of that city apart
> may know of our love and keep
> remembrance and speak of us---
> may lift their hands that the gods
> revisit earth.
>
> That the lads of the cities
> may yet remember us,
> we spread shaft of privet and sweet
> lily from meadow and forest. . .

"And this we will say for remembrance," the poet continues: "Speak this with their names"---

> Could beauty be caught and hurt
> they had done her to death with their sneers
> in ages and ages past,
> could beauty be sacrificed
> for a thrust of a sword,
> for a piece of thin money
> tossed up to fall half alloy---
> then beauty were dead
> long, long before we saw her face . . .

The Tribute is not an easy poem to appreciate in terms of what came to be accepted as H. D.' s virtues in the modern aesthetic of the twenties---the ardor kept in restraint, the Hellenic remove, the hard-wrought art, the spare statement. The Imagist rules will not fit. But once we turn from Cities and The Tribute,

keeping the context of these poems, the seemingly "removed" Hellenism of Adonis, Pallas, or Sea Heroes, written in the same period, proves to be a screen image in which another level of feeling is present.

> Akroneos, Oknolos, Elatreus,
> helm-of-boat, loosener of helm, dweller-by-sea,
> Natueus, sea-man,

are lists of the war dead and lost from Homer. And now from our own sense of the experience of the War---and here her rites of remembrance have quickened in us the impact of what happened before we were born---we understand anew and in depth the agony of

> But to name you,
> we reverent are breathless
> weak with pain and old loss,
> and exile and despair---

Since the dark, bitter, empassioned days of the First World War, even the words themselves---"beauty", "lad", or "boy"---have become uneasy words, smacking of the idealistic or the sentimental before what we call the Real, the pervading triumph of mercantile utilitarianism: the display aesthetic of packaging and advertising art to put over shoddy goods, repeated in the display aesthetic of the new architecture, where a wealth of glass or cellophane, aluminum, copper, or gold paper facing takes over the city, presented in a poverty of imagination, housing the same old shoddy operations of whiskey, cigarette or paper companies; and back of the sell, the demand for profit and increase, the exploitation of mind and spirit to keep the rackets going, the economy of

wage-slavery and armed forces, and over all, the threat of impending collapse or disastrous war. We too, in a hostile environment, taking our faith and home in our exile, live in creative crisis.

*

There is this sense, then, in which the Imagists---that group of poets printing in the pages of The Egoist between 1914 and 1917---stand at the beginning of a phase in poetry that has not ended. Pound, writing in 1914, felt that a break was necessary with the preceding generation in poetry: "Surely there was never a time when the English 'elder generation as a whole' mattered less or had less claim to be taken seriously by 'those on the threshold'." For my own generation, our elders---for me, specifically Pound, H. D., Williams, and Lawrence---remain primary generative forces. Their threshold remains ours. The time of war and exploitation, the infamy and lies of the new capitalist war-state, continue. And the answering intensity of the imagination to hold its own values must continue. The work of our elders in poetry was to make---"a Dream greater than Reality"---a time-space continuum in which their concern for quality and spirit, for romance and beauty, could survive. Estranged from all but a few about them, they made a new dimension in which eternal companions appeared. As to the Aranda the ancestors came, or to the Kabbalist mystics dreams and even immediate presences of Elijah or of a maggid or angel came, so to Pound Plotinus appears to to H. D., in the orders of the new poetry, the Christos or the Lady.

In 1919 Pound published in Quia Pauper Amavi a first draft

a first draft for the opening three cantos of a new poem, addressing Robert Browning:

> Hang it all, there can be but the one 'Sordello,'
> But say I want to, say I take your whole bag of
> tricks,
> Let in your quirks and tweeks, and say
> the thing's an art-form . . .

It was to be a realm in which Robert Browning and Arnault, Brancusi and Kung could coexist; where Eleanor and Cunizza come and go; and

> Gods float in the azure air,
> Bright gods and Tuscan, back before dew was shed.

For the banished gods and for the heroes. And those lost. But not now, as in Dante, appearing each in his place in a set scene or architecture of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. For here in The Cantos, the dead gather in as at a séance.

> Ghosts move about me patched with histories

it seems to the poet. But there are not only voices speaking, personae, in this "catch" of time as Pound called it, there are also scenes---images of the poem, moving pictures. Where Dante had back of The Divine Comedy his magics to call upon: the magic of the poetic and of the mystic descent or ascent to the eternal world, drawing upon the practice of the dream-vision in not only Medieval Christian but in classical Roman tradition, but also upon the practice of the Mi'raj, the spiritual transportations of the Sufi Recital; Pound had these and other magics:

the séance tables of London mediums, the discourse of voices in which the rivers of many traditions came into a sea of humanity, but also, a new clairvoyance, the photo montage of times and places in the movies of Griffith.

In the three masterworks of this period---Pound's early Cantos, Eliot's The Waste Land, and Joyce's Ulysses---the contemporary opens upon eternity in the interpenetration of times. The literate public objected to or made fun of what they called their "references" or "quotes". "Say that I dump my catch," Pound had put it in the first draft of the Cantos---

> shiny and silvery
> As fresh sardines flapping and slipping on the
> marginal cobbles?

and the image stands, for he was "fishing" and in it all working to catch something being said, about to be said, fishing along lines of metamorphoses in the beginning. Surely, knowing Mead and Yeats, Pound was aware of Eisler's Orpheus the Fisher, where the god appeared as a fisher of souls who was also the divine poet---the lyre was also a net or the poem a net of words. In the early Canto I, the poem itself appears as a fish-monger's booth:

> I stand before the booth (the speech), but the truth
> is inside this discourse: this booth is full of the
> marrow of wisdom.

It may also be then the medium's cabinet. Our own net casts wider than Pound would, and we see that the shaman's tent is also such a booth. But Pound's intuition moves out, back of his evocation of Robert Browning's magic practice of the dram-

atic monologue, and So-shu churns in the sea,

> So-shu also,
> using the long moon for a churn-stick . . .

So Pound will give up the intaglio method and in the flux of a cinematographic art call in the swarming fish of the sea, where Robert Browning, Peire Cardinal, Catullus, gods, oak-girls and maelids, Metastasio, Ficino, Kuanon, Guido Cavalcanti, Botticelli, Mantegna are drawn into the nets of the first haul. These persons, like the place names of Wagadu---Dierra, Agada, Ganna, Silla, are locii of a virtu moving through time. Frobenius traces the wandering of the Fasa from Djerma of the Garama which he equates with Dierra, mentioned by Herodotus five hundred years before Christ, from the Fezzan of North Africa, to Tagadda on the ancient route through the Sahara, to Gana and then to Silla of the Sahel. But the Wagadu of The Cantos is the lost city not of a tribe but of a kindred among all men, "an aristocracy of emotion" Pound called it.

It was the mixture of times and places, and especially the breakdown of all nationalistic distinctions that most angered the hostile critics and readers. Renaissance English or medieval Italian or modern French could enter into an American poem: not only Dante but Kung and even Gassire were to be our heroes in the new legend. The new practice was most concentrated in the famous coda of The Waste Land in 1922:

> London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
> Poi s' ascose nel foco che gli affina
> Quando fiam uti chelidon---O swallow swallow
> Le Prince d' Aquitaine à la tour abolie
> These fragments I have shored against my ruins
> Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo' s mad againe.

Data. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Children singing a round dance; Dante in Purgatory telling of Arnaut Daniel, master of the trobar clus, "Then he hid himself in the fire which refines them"; and the voices of the poet of the Pervigilium Veneris, of Gerard de Nerval, of Kyd in the person of Hieronimo, and of the thunder out of the Upanishads, speak one after another, taking over from Eliot's "own" voice. Or speaking for Eliot, meeting through Eliot as through a medium. "Tiresias, although a mere spectator and not indeed a 'character', " Eliot notes,"is yet the most important personage in the poem, united all the rest. Just as the one-eyed merchant, seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor, and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples, so all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias."

For William Carlos Williams it was "the great catastrophe to our letters." "There was heat in us, a core and a drive that was gathering headway upon the theme of a rediscovery of a primary impetus, the elementary principle of all art, in the local conditions," he writes in his Autobiography: "Our work staggered to a halt for a moment under the blast of Eliot's genius which gave the poem back to the academics." Picturing himself as defending so mething betrayed by Eliot, and by Pound in his admiration of Eliot, Williams posed against the internationalism of The Waste Land the authenticism of the American speech. "Nothing from abroad would have the reality for me that native writing of the same quality would have," he resolves as an editor of Contact in 1922: "Eliot or Pound might say to me today ---'Read Laforgue!' I might even be tempted to read because I had respect for their intelligence. But their words could not tempt me, force me, accompany me into the reading." Against

the cinematographic time-flux, he meant to take with a vengeance the camera eye of still photography, the locality in time.

There was the studied disdain of silence on Eliot's part for William's work. It meant that Williams was never taken up in England; no influence could move Eliot who came to rule the informed taste abroad as Pound never did. And there was the increasing grievance on Williams' part. Not only Eliot but Pound and H. D. came to be seen as betrayers of the American thing in their exile, their "foreign" work. "When one's friends hate each other," the old man Pound would write in Canto 115:

> how can there be peace in the world?
> Their asperities diverted me in my green time.

At heart, Williams' genius as a poet lay not in the local condition, in the isolated percept, the "American" thing or speech, but in the heritage Eliot---Jacob to his Esau---had stolen from him, in the world-poem where the wives of an African chief, a red basalt grasshopper recalling Chapultepec, Toulouse Lautrec, Madam Curie working the pitchblende, Sappho, and Peter Brueghel were to enter in. The Waste Land had stolen a march on Paterson, but by the first volume of Paterson appeared twenty-four years later Williams had brought his early poem into a fullness that was to be a challenge to the poets to come as The Waste Land was not.

In his Preface to Selected Essays in 1954 Williams tells us: "Poetry is a dangerous subject for a boy to fool with, for the dreams of the race are involved in it." He sought, he writes of Paterson in his Autobiography in 1951, "to find an image large enough to embody the whole knowable world about me." Between "the dream of the race" and "the knowable world", between the "idea" and the "thing" his river was to flow, the Passaic, yes, but also in the realized poem "the thunder of the waters filling his dreams!"

"The subject matter of the poem," he said in his lecture at the University of Washington in 1948, calling upon Freud's theory of the dream, "is always phantasy---what is wished for, realized in the 'dream' of the poem---but the structure confronts something else." The Poem as a Field of Action, he titles that lecture, anticipating Charles Olson's Projective Verse with its composition by field. "The only reality we can know," he continues, "is measure ... How can we accept Einstein's theory of relativity, affecting our very conception of the heavens about us of which poets write so much, without incorporating its essential fact---the relativity of measurements---into our own category of activity: the poem. Do we think we stand outside the universe? Or that the Church of England does? Relativity applies to everything, like love, if it applies to anything in the world."

William's local condition and his "no ideas but in things" must ring true, find their resonance, in "the dreams of the race" and in a relativity of measurements that applies to everything, as H.D.'s elect, the lovers or the writers, must somehow in their vision prove to keep the dream of "everyone, everywhere." The very heightened sense of the relatedness of everything set poets apart. The very secret of the impulse in poetry is the troubled awareness the poet has of meanings in the common language everywhere that those about him do not see or do not consider so important. "We," H.d. writes in The Walls Do Not Fall, "bearers of the secret wisdom," and then:

> but if you do not even understand what words say
>
> how can you expect to pass judgement
> on what words conceal?

The ancient instruction "As above, so below" from the Smarag-

dine Tablet may be "the secret wisdom", but H. D. was initiate of Freud where she had learned in analysis that for the good of her soul she must bear the wisdom of "what words conceal." She tells us Freud said to her, "My discoveries are a basis for a very grave philosophy. There are very few who understand this, there are very few who are capable of understanding this." But he might also have said "very few who are willing to understand", for the crisis of the new psychoanalytic wisdom lay in the resistence men have against knowing what is above or below, the strange refusal to see what they are doing or to hear what they are saying just when they are most engaged in their own self-destruction---"the untameable nature of men," the epic of Gassire' s Lute says. So, Oedipus cannot and will not understand the vatic warnings of Tiresias or the fears of Jocasta but must pursue his blind course in order to expose the conflict within only at the cost of catastrophe for all. He seems to seek in the drama a compelling reason to make his blindness actual.

The great compulsion of our own states with their war economies and compulsory military servitude, the history that is now all written upon verges of a war to come, about which we can do nothing and which we can imagine only in terms of total destruction, bears a curious resemblance to the hubris and fate of the Greek drama. The People of the Truth and the People of the Lie, the Zoroastrians called the adherents of peaceful agricultural ways and the adherents of war; but Ahura Mazda, the Lord of Truth, was to become a War-Lord, for His was the One Truth, and all other truths were lies. "And now just look at what is happening in this wartime," Freud writes in a letter to Van Eeden in 1914: "at the cruelties and injustices for which the most civilized nations are responsible, at the different way in which they judge of their own lies, their own wrong-doings, and those

of their enemies." "The individual in any given nation has in this war," he writes in Thoughts on War and Death in 1915, "a terrible opportunity to convince himself of what would occasionally strike him in peace time---that the State has forbidden to the individual the practice of wrong-doing, not because it desired to abolish it, but because it desires to have the monopoly of it, like salt and tobacco."

For Freud, as for Lawrence, H.d., Pound, Joyce, or Eliot, the immediate experience of the First World War brought an intensified experience of the "we" and the "they". "The individual who is not himself a combatant---and so a wheel in the gigantic machinery of war," Freud writes, "feels conscious of disorientation, and of an inhibition in his powers and activities." So, in Cities H.d. in 1914 could still imagine the task of the "we" to be to awaken the "they" from their hideous larval life, to "recall the old splendor" towards a "new beauty of cities." In an essay on the work of Marianne Moore in August 1916, she speaks of Marianne Moore's work as if it were under question: "these curiously wrought patterns, these quaint turns of thought and concealed, half-playful ironies" that readers "have puzzled over ... and asked---what is this all about?" This poetry might be her own as well with its curiously wrought patterns. Even among the literate, the few who made any pretense at all of being concerned with poetry, the Imagists were ridiculed and reviled. And among the less than few who appreciated, appreciation was not the same as understanding. In the conclusion of that essay, H.D. breaks out and the "they" that had been readers appear as the other "they" of Cities, and likewise, the identification of herself with Marianne Moore in a "we" is outright: "She is fighting in her country a battle against squalor and commercialism. We

are all fighting the same battle. And we must strengthen each other is this one absolute bond---our devotion to the beautiful English language."

The war experience had revealed a division in which one side could no longer communicate with the other. "It rends all bonds of fellowship between the contending peoples," Freud writes in Thoughts on War and Death, "and threatens to leave such a legacy of embitterment as well make any renewal of such bonds impossible for a long time to come. Moreover, it has brought to light the almost unbelievable phenomenon of a mutual comprehension between the civilized nations so slight that one can turn with hate and loathing upon the other." But this abyss of incomprehension appeared not only between opposing states, but within each state between the few antipathetic to the war itself and those obedient to or sympathetic with the war. In the poem The Tribute, H. D. sees the "we" and the "they" divided by a will on the part of the "they" not to hear, not to see---a resistence against beauty and any hope of peace, but also a compulsion towards ugliness and war, a conspiracy that these shall be the terms of the real. The City of the Gods, "set fairer than this / with column and porch", no longer what once was or what will be, the city of an historical task, is now a dwelling place of youths and gods "apart".

Augustine, when Rome fell to the Vandals in the fifth century and the Christians were accused of betraying the Empire in their disaffiliation from the war, answered in The City of God with the ringing affirmation of an eternity more real than historical time, a life eternal or supreme good more real than the good life of the philosopher. "And thus it is written," Augustine tells us: "The just lives by faith, for we do not as yet see our good, and must therefore live by faith." For Augustine---as for Freud

there was the incomprehension between nations, or for poets the incomprehension between writers and readers, or for Sapir the incomprehension between the individual happenings and the language as communication itself---for Augustine too in the world beyond the household and the city, the world of human society at large "man is separated from man by the difference of languages. For if two men, each ignorant of the other's language, meet, and are not compelled to pass, but, on the contrary, to remain in company, dumb animals, though of different species, would more easily hold intercourse than they, human beings though they be."

"But the imperial city has endeavoured to impose on subject nations, not only her yoke, but her language, as a bond of peace, so that interpreters, far from being scarce, are numberless," he continues: "This is true; but how many great wars, how much slaughter and bloodshed, have provided this unity! And though these are past, the end of these miseries has not yet come. For though there have never been wanting, nor are yet wanting, hostile nations beyond the empire, against whom wars have been and are waged, yet, supposing there were no such nations, the very extent of the empire itself has produced wars of a more obnoxious description---and with these the whole race has been agitated either by the actual conflict or the fear of a renewed outbreak."

For Augustine, convert of the Christian cult, Latin words themselves had a difference of meaning, and in that difference there was a disillusionment with all the values of the Roman world. Only in a total conversion could the "they", the would-be good and just men of the Empire, understand the "we", the little company of would-be saints. The rest---the whole "realistic" approach---meant utter misery. "But, say they, the wise man will wage just wars. As if he would not all the (line missing

in Duncan mss.) rather lament the necessity of just wars, if he remembers that he is a man; for if they were not just he would wage them, and would therefore be delivered from all wars. For it is the wrong-doing of the opposing party which compels the wise man to wage just wars; and this wrong-doing, even though it gave rise to no war, would still be a matter of grief to man because it is man's wrong-doing. Let everyone, then, who thinks with pain on all these great evils, so horrible, so ruthless, acknowledge that this is misery. And if any one either endures or thinks of them without mental pain, this is a more miserable plight still, for he thinks himself happy because he has lost human feeling."

*

To write at all is to dwell in the illusion of language, the rapture of communication that comes as we surrender our troubled individual isolated experiences to the communal consciousness. But this "commune" is not, even in the broadest sense, the language of the human society at large. To write in English is not only to belong to a language-world different from French or Aranda but also to belong to a language-world different from though within the English-speaking world other national literatures. Writing and reading is itself an initiation as special as the totem-dance of the Aranda, and just as the Aranda learns to read his own parts in the parts of the landscape about him, so that the body of the world becomes one with his own consciousness, so we learn to find our life in a literature, and, in turn, literature itself is valued as it seems true to life.

But once we would derive our life not in terms of tribe or

nation but in terms of a larger humanity, we find our company in Euripides, Plato, Moses of Leon, Faure or Freud, searching out keys to our inner being in the rites of the Aranda and in the painting processes of Cezanne. We must move throughout the history of man to find many of our own kin, for here and now those who think and feel in the terms we seek are few indeed. But from each of these the cry goes up---to whom other than us, their spiritual kin---from an intense solitude. Not only Freud's "There are very few who understand this", but Stein's "Do you know because I tell you so, or do you know, do you know. (Silence) My long life, my long life," or Joyce's "Thinking always if I go all goes. A hundred cares, a tithe of troubles and is there one who understands me? One in a thousand of years of the nights?" or Pound's plea from Canto 116:

I have brought the great ball of crystal,
who can lift it?
Can you enter the great acorn of light?

but the beauty is not the madness
Tho my errors and wrecks lie about me

and I cannot make it cohere . . .

Before war and death the whole world of the higher culture seems to be an illusion indeed. For Freud, the war evoked a powerful disillusionment. The cosmopolitan man, as Freud portrays himself in Thoughts on War and Death in peace-time dwelt in an "other" world, leaving the Mother-land or Father-land of the national state and entering a new Mother-land of an international dream:

"Relying on this union among the civilized races, countless people have exchanged their native home for a foreign dwelling place, and made their existence dependent on the conditions of intercourse between friendly nations. But he who was not by stress of circumstances confined to one spot, could also confer upon himself, through all the advantages and attractions of these civilized countries, a new, a wider fatherland, wherein he moved unhinderd and unsuspected." The generation of Joyce, Eliot, Pound, and H. D., living in the dream of European culture, or of Lawrence living in the dream of Western Indian culture, is the last to live abroad so. The generation of the twenties---the "lost" generation, as Stein called it---Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Mary Butts, Henry Miller, Katherine Anne Porter, Kay Boyle, Robert MacAlmon, live in Europe or Mexico as if in limbo, forerunners of the jet set and the new wave. The cosmopolitan son of an imaginary world-father pictured by Freud had his roots in a time "before the War", in an illusion of peace, and thought of the achievement of the past as his spiritual heritage.

"This new fatherland was for him a museum also, filled with all the treasures which the artists among civilized communities had in successive centuries created and left behind," Freud continues: "As he wandered from one gallery to another in this museum, he could appreciate impartially the varied types of perfection that miscegenation, the course of historical events, and the special characteristics of their mother-earth had produced among his more remote compatriots."

This dream of European Culture must recall the Palace of Eros. But Freud's heir of the ages and of the earth finds his reality not in daydream but in an actual sea and actual mountains, in the treasure store of men's actual works. "Property is not capital. The increment of association is not usury," Ezra Pound

insists in Social Credit: An Impact (1935) and prefaces his pamphlet with Jefferson's saying---"The earth belongs to the living." In the rites whereby man became cosmopolitan man he came into an increment, an environment enhanced by his realization of the work and experience of others involved, into an increase that was not taken from things but taken in them.

In the cult-life of Freud's cosmopolitan man, as in the life of the Imagists, the gods and the heroes, the imagined beings and the men who in their creative work have increased the store of the imagination, are ancestral, Eternal Ones of the Dream. A new father-land is taken in the image of a world-father of mankind. And a new kin is found in the ancestors---those who have contributed to the association of man "any and all of the qualities which have made mankind the lords of the earth."

"Nor must we forget," Freud concludes his picture of this illusion of the civilized man: "that each of these citizens of culture had created for himself a personal 'Parnassus' and 'School of Athens'. From among the great thinkers and artists of all nations he had chosen those to whom he conceived himself most deeply indebted for what he had achieved in enjoyment and comprehension of life, and in his veneration had associated them with the immortals of old as well as with the more familiar masters of his own tongue."

*

It is not the world of nature from which the poet feels himself alienated. One of the primaries of the poet is his magic identification with the natural world---"the pathetic fallacy" the

rationalist-minded critics and versifiers call it. Freud's cosmopolitan man is a poet and a primitive mind, for in his pathetic union with the world, he "enjoyed the blue sea, and the grey; the beauty of the snow-clad mountains and of the green pasture-lands; the magic of the northern forests and the splendor of the southern vegetation ... the silence of nature in her inviolate places." Where the rationalist will be quick to see that to find joy in the blue sea or beauty in mountains, magic in forests, splendor and silence in nature, is to live in an environment transformed by human sentiments; for these qualities are just that increment that would make man a lord. The joy and the splendor exist in a magic reciprocity ---a property that is not capital; an increment that is not usury. Joy, magic, splendor, beauty, and the silence of "inviolate places" are pathetically present too in the language of the Aranda sexual organs and orifices, the "secret" organs of joy, magic and splendor in the flow of blood and urine, the excitement and release of orgasm.

So too, the nature poems of H. D. ---the early poems of sea and orchard, shell and tree in full blossom or fruit---betray in their troubled ardor processes of psychological and even sexual identification, and those critics who have rebuked her for these poems may be disturbed by content in the poem they do not want to recognize. In Orchard, she writes: "and I fell prostrate / crying: / you have flayed us / with your blossoms". This flowering tree---it is the flowering half-burnt-out tree of The Flowering of the Rod---may also be emotional tree of a sexual encounter; for this poem addresses the "rough-hewn / god of the orchard", "alone unbeautiful", "son of the god", and in its first publication in The Egotist was titled Priapus (Keeper of Orchards), and the "you" was then "thou", the too-intimate almost forbidden second person pronoun in English. The first pear falling, the thundering

air and the honey-questing bees of the poem appear then in a poetic magic in which the natural environment and the sexual experience are fused. The intensity belongs neither to the tree as object nor to the priapic penis as object but to the evocation of the image in which they are fused.

Nor is it from the world of the ancestors that the poet feels alienated. The ultimate reality that the eternal ones of the dream have for the Aranda---the ultimate reality that our toys and imaginary play-mates had for us in childhood---Moses, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Hannibal have for Freud; and Sappho, Euripides, Shakespeare or Browning have for H. D. They are forefathers of the work, but they seem also at times previous reincarnations of the spirit at work.

These poems where many persons from many times and many places begin to appear---as in The Cantos, The Waste Land, Finnegans Wake, the War Trilogy, and Paterson---are poems of a world-mind in process. The seemingly triumphant reality of the War and State disorient the poet who is partisan to a free and world-wide possibility, so that his creative task becomes the more imperative. The challenge increases the insistence of the imagination to renew the reality of its own. It is not insignificant that these "poems containing history" are all products of a movement in literature that was identified in the beginning as free verse. The Egotist, where Pound, Eliot, Joyce, Williams, Marianne Moore, H. D., Lawrence, and Aldington first appeared together, had formerly been The New Freewoman; free verse went along in its publication with articles on free love and free thought. And the "new" we find also as a demand. In his quarrel with Eliot, Williams could oppose the "new" to the "past"---as if all of the past were what Eliot meant by his "tradition". But the definition of the "new" was given by Ezra Pound from Confucius in "Make It New", and

in The Spirit of Romance and the essay Cavalcanti he turns to the late Medieval reawakening of poetic genius not with the antiquarian's concerns but in search of enduring terms for the renewal of poetry in his own time. The study of literature, he wrote then, was "hero-worship"---"It is a refinement or, if you will, a perversion of that primitive religion."

The image, for the Imagists, was something actually seen. "At least H. D. has lived with these things since childhood," Pound writes to Harriet Monroe in 1912, "and knew them before she had any book-knowledge of them." In ABC of Reading he argues for a statement of Dante's as a starting point "because it starts the reader or hearer from what he actually sees or hears, instead of distracting his mind from that actuality to something which can only be approximately deduced or conjectured FROM the actuality, and for which the evidence can be nothing save the particular and limited extent of the actuality." In the major phase of his last years William Carlos Williams, the poet who was to have "no ideas but in things", would relate poetry to dream and to phantasy, as H. D. would in Good Frend project the fictional life of Claribel who had no more actuality than her being mentioned in passing in Shakespeare's The Tempest---itself a drama of the poet's powers to enchant---and in Helen in Egypt she would weave another fiction of persons who belong not to actuality but to an eternal dream. But the bias for what Williams called "the local conditions" as the primary impetus is strong and continues to haunt my own generation.

The immediate persuasion of Imagist poets was against the fantastic and fictional as it was for the clear-seeing, even the clairvoyant, and the actual, for percept against concept. The Image as "that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in time" or "the local conditions" could open out along lines

of the poet's actual feeling. The poem could be erotic and contain evocations of actual sexual experience as I have suggested in the poem Orchards. And then, the image was also something actually seen in the process of the poem, not something pretended or made up. It was the particular image evoked in the magic operation of the poet itself---whatever its source, and it usually had many sources. In reviewing Fletcher's poetry in 1916, H. D. may be speaking too of her own art: "He uses the direct image, it is true, but he seems to use it as a means to evoke other and vaguer images---a pebble, as it were, dropped in a quiet pool, in order to start across the silent water, wave on wave of light, of colour, of sound."

There was in the image a presentation that gave, Pound writes in A Stray Document, "that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art." When he tells us that the total plan of Dante's Commedia is itself an image, there is a possibility that the image is something seen of or in the "other" world, a clairvoyance. Works of art here are works of a magic comparabl to the imaginative practices of Vital or Ficino in which the imagination is thought of not as creative but as a higher vision. In Pound's Aux Etuves de Wiesbaden, Poggio says: "We are fortunate to live in the wink; the eye of mankind is open, for an instant, hardly more than an instant."

The personae of the Imagists had derived from the dramatis personae of Robert Browning. Pound and H. D. wrote not in the tradition of the personal lyric, but they drew upon the dramatic choral lyric and the trance-voice of religious evocation to charge the actual with meaning. In this making the actual the condition of the true and the real, there was a curious consequence. For

those elements of the imagination that are usually distinguished from what is actual---the impersonations, the projections, the creations of worlds and the speculations in ideas---return now in their higher truth and reality to be identified with the actual. In such an operation, H. D. suggests in her notes to Ion, for the devotee of Euripides, the actor of Hermes is indeed Hermes:

"Roughly speaking, there were two types of theatre-goers in ancient Greece, as there are to-day. Those who are on time and those who are late. The prologue is the argument or libretto; it outlines the plot. The ardent lover of the drama will doubtless be strung up to a fine pitch of intensity and discrimination from the first. The presence of this actor, who impersonates the god Hermes, will actually be that god. Religion and art still go hand in hand."

If poetry has to do with enchantment and the imagination has traffic with what is not actual but a made up world, if indeed these would-be serious poets wove a romance of the actual itself, then religion and art may both be fictional and the intensity of their truth and reality the intensity needed to make what is not actual real. The crux for the poet is to make real what is only real in a heightened sense. Call it his personal feeling, or the communal reality, it exists only in its dance, only to its dancers. Outside the created excitement, what we call the inspiration of art, the things done---the bleeding, the exhibition of private parts, the reiterated correspondences of the human world to the great world of nature and the eternal world of the dream---do not communicate. The reader of the poem must be just such an ardent lover as the communicant of the Mass, or the magic of the sacrament is all superstition and vanity. Christ is not actually there, even where He is most real.

The poet and the reader, who if he is intent in reading be-

comes a new poet of the poem, come to write or to read in order to participate through the work in a consciousness that moves freely in time and space and can entertain reality upon reality. "He has to begin as a cloud of all the other poets he ever read," Robert Frost says, comparing the poet to a water-spout at sea: "and first the cloud reaches down! toward the water from above, and then the water reaches up! toward the cloud from below--- and finally cloud and water join together to roll as one pillar between heaven and earth: the base of water he picks from below, all the life he lived outside of books." But, in eternity, there is a cloud below, a sea above, as well: books are real and also imagined, and they must be included if we would draw upon all the life we have lived; life, a dream or a stage on which we act, is also larger than the life we have lived, for its reality is extended in all the poets we have read.

In this great poetry, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise" may have its resonance with "Tomorrow, and to-morrow and to-morrow, / Creepes in this petty pace from day to day, / To the last Syllable of Recorded time", for we have come in the comparison of languages to imagine one human drama in many tongues. If the language of Matthew be inspired, so is the language of Shakespeare. Christ and Macbeth have become personae of a world-poem. Not only this is true, but if it is, then also this is true. It has come to pass, anyway, that only in the imagination are Christ and Macbeth surely real.

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